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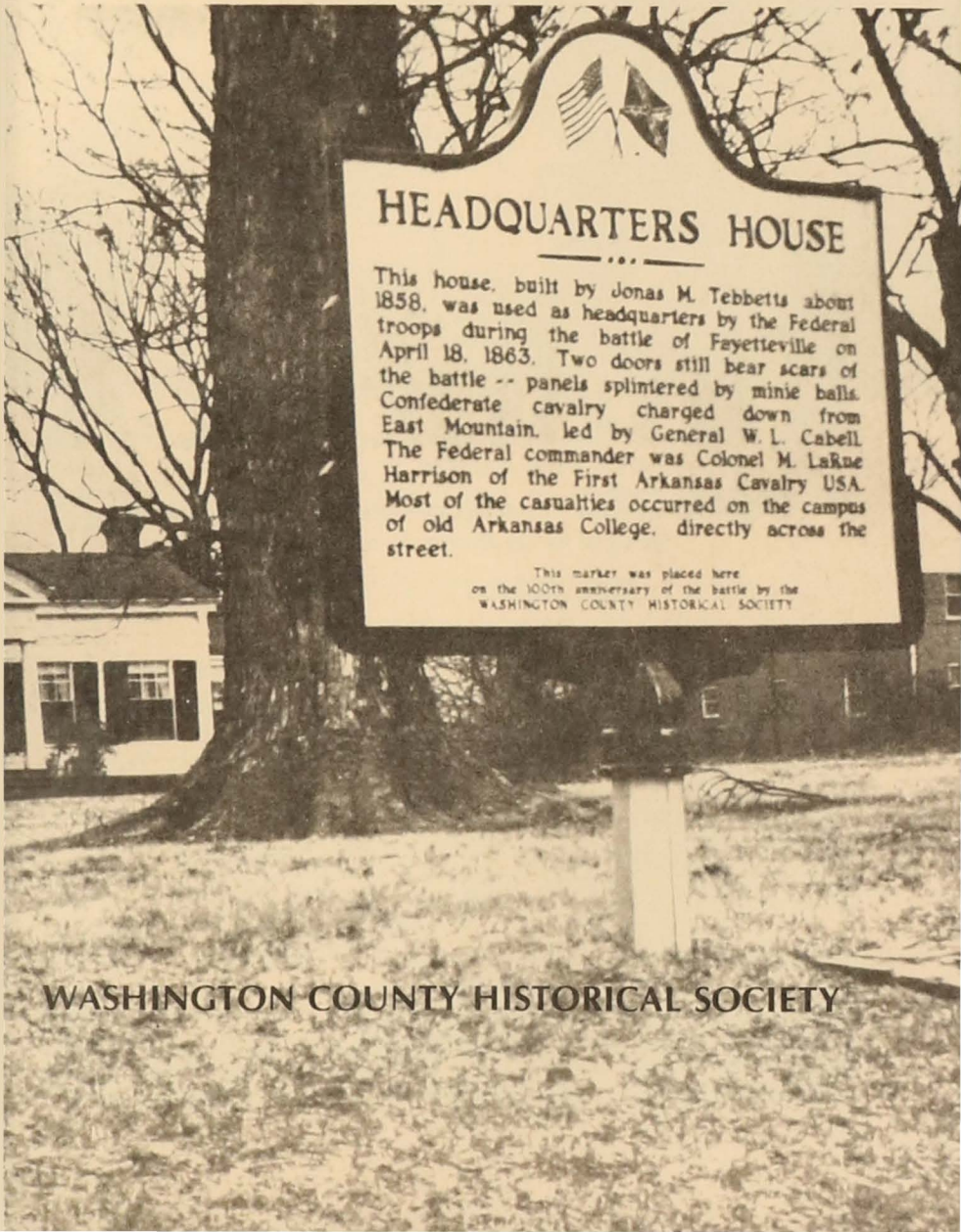
PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback


HEADQUARTERS HOUSE
This house, built by Jonas M. Tebbetts about 1858, was used as headquarters by the Federal troops during the battle of Fayetteville on April 18, 1863. Two doors still bear scars of the battle -- panels splintered by minie balls. Confederate cavalry charged down from East Mountain, led by General W. L. Cabell. The Federal commander was Colonel M. LaRue Harrison of the First Arkansas Cavalry USA. Most of the casualties occurred on the campus of old Arkansas College, directly across the street.
This marker was placed here on the 100th anniversary of the battle by the WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FLASHBACK is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. All material for publication should be sent to the Editor at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701. There is no payment for articles published in FLASHBACK.
Membership in our Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Washington County's history. We have members in all 50 states. Dues are on a discretionary "give what one chooses" basis starting with $7.50 annually rising to $150 for a lifetime membership. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received throughout the year. Copies of FLASHBACK for past issues are $5.00 each, current year's quarterlies are $3.00 each.

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback

Published by the Washington County Historical Society
Volume Thirty-Seven * Number Four

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The Harvey Hudgins Family; photo taken sometime between 1896 and 1900. Lt. to rt. Guy Hudgins, Leanora Izetta Hudgins (Mrs. Harvey) Adeline Blakeley, Ross Hudgins, Harrey M. Hudgins and Bessie May Hudgins.

ADELINE BLAKELEY

As told by: Adeline Blakely

"Honey, look in the Bible to get the date when I was born. We want to have it just right. Yes, here's the place, read it to me. July 10, 1850? Yes, I remember now, that's what they've always told me. I wanted to be sure, though. I was born in Hickman County, Tennessee and was about a year when they brought me to Arkansas. My mother and her people had been bought by Mr. John P.A. Parks when they were just children — John and Leanna and Martha. I was the first little Negro in the Parks kitchen. From the first they made a pet out of me. I was little like a doll and they treated me like a plaything — spoiled me — rotten.

After Mr. Parks came to Arkansas he lived near what is now Prairie Grove, but what do you think it was called then — Hog Eye. Later on they named it Billingsley for a man who settled there. We were two miles out on the Wire Road, the one the telegraph line came in on, Honey. Almost every community had a "Wire Road".

It was the custom to give a girl a slave when she was married. When Miss

Parks became Mrs. Blakeley she moved to Fayetteville and chose me to take with her. She said since I was only 5 she could raise me as she wanted me to be. But I must have been a lot of trouble and after she had her baby she had to send me back to her father to grow up a little. For you might say she had two babies to take care of since I was too little to take care of hers. They sent a woman in my place.

Honey, when I got back, I was awful! I had been with the Negroes down in the country and said 'hit' and 'hain't' and words like that. Of course all the children in the house took it up from me. Mrs. Blakeley had to teach me to talk right. Your Aunt Nora was born while I was away. I was too little to take full charge of her, but I could sit in a chair and hold her on my lap.

Mrs. Blakeley taught her children at home. Her teaching was almost all they had before they entered the University. When I was little I wanted to learn, learn all I could, but there was a law against teaching a slave to read and write. One woman — she was from the North — did it anyway. But when folks can read and write its going to be found out. It was made pretty hard for that woman. After the war they tried to get me to learn, but I tossed my head and wouldn't let them teach me. I was about 15 and thought I was grown and wouldn't need to know any more. Mary, it sounds funny, but if I had a million dollars I would give it gladly to be able to read and write letters to my friends.

I remember well when the war started. Mr. Blakeley, he was a cabinet maker and not very well, was not considered strong enough to go. But if the war had kept up much longer they would have called him. Mr. Parks didn't believe in seceding. He held out as long as it was safe to do so. If you didn't go with the popular side they called you 'abolitionist' or maybe 'submissionist'. But when Arkansas did go over he was loyal. He had two sons and a son-in-law in the Confederate Army. One fought at Richmond and one was killed at Gettysburg.

The little Blakeley boy had always liked to play with the American flag. He'd march with it and carry it out on the porch and hang it up. But after the trouble began to brew his mother told him he would have to stay in the house when he played with the flag. Even then somebody saw him and scolded him and said 'Either burn it or wash it'. The child thought they meant it and he tried to wash it. Dyes weren't so good in those days and it ran terribly. It was the awfulest thing you ever saw.

Fayetteville suffered all through the war. You see we were not very far from the dividing line and both armies were about here a lot. The Federals were in charge most of the time. They had a Post here, set up breast works and fortified the square. The Courthouse was in the middle of them. It was funny that there wasn't more real fighting about here. There were several battles but they were more like skirmishes — just a few men killed each time. They were terrible just the same. At first they buried the Union soldiers where the Confederate Cemetery is now. The Southerners were placed just anywhere. Later on they moved the Northern caskets over to where the Federal Cemetery is now and they took up the Southern men when they knew where to find them and placed them over on the hill where they are

today.

Once an officer came into our home and liked a table he saw, so he took it. Mrs. Blakeley followed his horse as far as she could pleading with him to give it back because her husband had made it. The next day a neighbor returned it. He had found it in the road and recognized it. The man who stole it had been killed and dropped it as he fell.

Just before the Battle of Prairie Grove the Federal men came through. Some officers stopped and wanted us to cook for them. Paid us well, too. One man took little Nora on his lap and almost cried. He said she reminded him of his own little girl he'd maybe never see again. He gave her a cute little ivory handled pen knife. He asked Mrs. Blakeley if he couldn't leave his pistols with her until he came back through Fayetteville. She told him it was asking too much, what would happen to her and her family if they found those weapons in her possession? But he argued that it was only for a few days. She hid them under a tub in the basement and after waiting a year gave them to her brother when he came through. The Yankees met the Southerners at Prairie Grove. The shots sounded just like popcorn from here in Fayetteville. We always thought the man got killed there.

The soldiers camped all around everywhere. Lots of them were in tents and some of the officers were in houses. They didn't burn the college — where Miss Sawyer had taught, you know. The officers used it for their living quarters. They built barracks for the men of upright logs. See that building across the street. (The building referred to stood on the northwest corner of Block and Rock Streets; the home place was on the southwest corner of Block and Rock.) It's been lots of things, a livery stable, a veterinary barn, apartment house. But it was one of the oldest buildings in Arkansas. They've kept on remodeling it. The Yankees made a commisary out of it. Later on they moved the food up on the square and used it for a hospital. I can remember lots of times seeing the feet of dead men sticking out of the windows.

Your Aunt Nora's mother saved that building from being burned. How did it happen? Well, you see, both sides were firing buildings — the Confederates to keep the Yankees from getting them, and the other way about. But the Southerners did most of the burning. Mrs. Blakeley's little boy was sick with fever. She and a friend went up, because they feared burnings. They sat there almost all night. Parties of men would come along and they would plead with them. One sat in one doorway and the other in the building next. Mrs. Blakeley was a Southerner, and the other woman a Northener. Between them they kept the buildings from being burned, saved their own homes nearby and possibly the life of the little sick boy.

It was like that in Fayetteville. There were so many folks on both sides and they lived so close together that they got to know one another and were friends. Things like this would happen. One day a Northern officer came over to our house to talk to his wife who was visiting. He said he would be away all day. He was to go down to Prairie Grove to get 'Old Man Parks, dead or alive'. Not until he was on his way did somebody tell him that he was talking about the father of his wife's hostess. Next day he came over to

apologize. Said he never would have made such a cruel remark if he had known. But he didn't find his man. As the officers went in the front door, Mr. Parks went out of the back and the women surrounded him until he got away.

There was another time when the North and South took refuge together. During the war even the little children were taught to listen for bugle calls and know what they meant. We had to know — and how to act when we heard them. One day, I remember, we were to have peas for dinner, with ham hock and cornbread. I was hungry that day and everything smelled so good. But just as the peas were part of them out of the pot and in a dish on the table the signal came 'To arms'. Cannon followed almost immediately. We all ran for the cellar, leaving the food as it was.

The cellar was dug out only a little way down. It had been raining and snowing all day — melted as it fell. It was about noon and the seep water had filled a pool in the middle of the cellar. They placed a tub in the water and it floated like a little boat. They put Nora and a little girl who was visiting and me in it. The grown folks clung to the damp sides of the cellar floor and wall. After the worst booming started we heard someone upstairs in the house calling. It was the wife of a Northern officer. He had gotten away so fast he had forgotten his pistols. She had tried to follow him, but the shots frightened her. We called to her to come down in the basement. She came, but in trying to climb up the slick sides she slid down and almost into our tub. She looked so funny with her big fat legs that I giggled. Mrs. Blakeley slapped me — it was one of the few times she struck me. I was glad she did, for I would have laughed out. And it didn't do to laugh at Northerners.

It was night before the fighting was over. An old man who was in the basement with us went upstairs because he heard someone groan. Sure enough a wounded man had dragged himself to our door. He laid him down in front of the fireplace. It was all he could do. Later he died. When we finally came up there wasn't a pea, there wasn't a bit of ham, not a crumb of cornbread. Floaters had cleaned the pot until it shone.

We had a terrible time getting along during the war. I don't believe we could have done it except for the Northern soldiers. You might say the Confederacy was kept up by private subscription, but the Yankees had the whole Federal government back of them. They had good rations which were issued uncooked. They could get them prepared anywhere they liked. We were good cooks so that is the way we got our food — preparing it for soldiers and eating it with them. They had quite a variety and a lot of everything. They were given bacon and coffee and sugar and flour and beans and something called 'mixed vegetables'. Those beans were little and sweet — not like the big ones we have today. The mixed vegetables were liked by lots of folks — I didn't care for them. Everything was ground up together and then dried. You had to soak it like dried peas before cooking.

After the war they came to Mrs. Blakeley, the soldiers did and accused her of keeping me against my will. I told them that I stayed because I wanted to, the Blakeleys were my people. They let me alone, the whites did, but the Negroes didn't like it. They tried to fight me and called me names. There

was a well near the square from which everybody got water. Between it and our house was a Negro cabin. The little Negroes would rock me. I stood it as long as I could. Then I told Mrs. Blakeley. She said to get some rocks in my bucket and if they rocked me to heave back. I was a good shot and they ran. Their mother came to Mrs. Blakeley to complain, but she told her, after hearing her through, that I had stood all I could and the only reason I hadn't been seriously hurt was because her children weren't good shots. They never bothered me again.

It was hard after the war. The Federals stayed on for a long time. Fences were down, houses were burned, stock was gone, but we got along somehow. When Nora Blakeley was 14, a lady was teaching a subscription school in the hall across the street — the same hall Mrs. Blakeley had saved from burning. She wanted Nora to teach for her. So child that she was, she went over and pretty soon she was teaching up to the fourth grade. I went over every morning and built a fire for her before she arrived.

That fall she went over to the University, but the next year she had to stay out to earn money. She wanted to finish so badly that we decided to take boarders. They would come to us from way over on the campus. There were always lots more who wanted to stay than we could take. We bought silver and dishes just as we could pay for them, and we added to the house in the summer time. I used to cook their breakfast and dinners and pack baskets of lunch for them to take over to the campus. We had lots of interesting people with us. One was Jeff Davis — later he was governor and then senator. He and a Creek Indian boy named Ben Rice were great friends. There were lots of Indians in school at the University then. They didn't have so many Indian schools, and tribes would make up money and send a bright boy here.

Ten years after she graduated from the University Nora married Harvey H. Hudgins. They moved to Hot Springs and finally ran a hotel. It burned the night of Washington's birthday in 1895. It was terrible, we saved nothing but the nightclothes we were in. Next morning it was worse, for we saw smallpox flags all over town. Our friends came to our rescue and gave us clothes and we went with friends out into the country to escape the epidemic. There were three or four families in one little house. It was crowded, but we were all friends so it was nice after all.

About ten years before, Mr. Hudgins had built a building in Fayetteville. They used the second floor for an Opera House. When we came back here after the fire we took it over to run. Mr. Hudgins had that and all the billboards in town. We saw all the shows. Several years later the twins, Helen and Wade were born. I always went to see the shows and took them with me. Folks watched them more than the shows. I kept them neat and clean and they were so cute.

We saw the circuses too. I remember once Barnum and Bailey were coming to Fort Smith. We were going down. I didn't tell anybody, but I put $45 in my purse. I made money then. Mr. Hudgins got me a cow and I sold milk and butter and kept all I made. Why the first evening dress Helen had and the first long pants Bud (Wade) had I bought. Well, we were going down to

Fort Smith but Bud got sick and we couldn't go. You know, Mary, it's funny, but when Helen and I went to California — yes, I went with her — every time the train would stop she'd get off the pullman and come forward to the coach where they'd let a colored person ride and see about me. We went out to visit Sister (Bess Hudgins Clayton) and Bud. While we were there Barnum and Bailey came to Los Angeles. It seemed so funny for us all to be together way out there in California, with the family grown up and seeing Barnum and Bailey which we had planned to see a long time before.

You know, Honey, that doll Ann has — she got it for her seventh birthday (Elizabeth Ann Wiggans, daughter of Helen Hudgins Wiggans). It was the same old one Baby Dean (Dean Hudgins) carried out of the Hot Springs fire back in 1895. Everybody loves Ann. She makes the fifth generation I've cared for. When Helen is going out she brings Ann down here or I go up there. It's usually here though because we've turned the old home into apartments, and I manage them, so it's best for me to be here most of the time.

My life's been a full one, Honey, and an interesting one. I can't really say which part of it is best, or whether it's a better world now or then. I've had lots of hard work, and lots of friends, lots of fun and I've gone lots of places. Life is interesting.

Adeline Blakeley, Remembered *by Ann Wiggans Sugg*

The tiny girl trying desperately to make her almost deaf "Dandad" understand "ice c'eam cone" — the elf like black woman intervening in her behalf — the tall old man taking the child's small hand in his big one and once again making the familiar trek to the Square and the Red Cross Drug Store. This is my earliest memory of Adeline and of my grandfather Harvey Masburn Hudgins.

Adeline's life was dedicated to loving and caring for people. Once when I was older I was sick, and Mother was working. So she took me to Adeline's; never before nor since have I received such solicitous and tender care.

The love of all children was strong in Adeline. She always wanted "back neck sugar" which was willingly given except by those few who were scared of her black skin. The love was returned by most children.

Mrs. Ivan Mayes whose family were neighbors in the next block bought buttermilk from Adeline. She still remembers her children fussing over who got the privilege of picking it up.

George Holcomb tells that when his family moved into the old Blakeley house next door Joe was a baby. He learned to say "Adeline" first and then "Mama". He also called my grandfather "Mr. Adeline".

Of course her special love was for the 3 generations of family children which she raised. I can still remember tears running down her cheeks as she answered my questions about "Baby Dean" who died at only 7 years of age, even though it had been almost 50 years before.

Adeline had a special affinity for animals, as well. We had a mixed breed

dog, Deppy (short for Depression), who always barked at blacks except Adeline, whom he loved. One day Adeline decided to walk from the home place on Rock Street to our house at 415 North Washington. As she rounded the corner, Deppy took off barking ferociously until he got a few feet away and saw it was Adeline. He tucked his tail and sheepishly guided her the rest of the way.

Adeline's friends were myriad, and strange as it seems in that day of segregation, most of them were white. When she died in 1945 she was buried in Evergreen Cemetery in the Blakeley-Hudgins family plot, and the following long time friends were pall bearers: Frank Lewis, Leland Bryan, Frank Suttle, Jim Vaughn, Ralph Dowell, Jack Phillips, Jim Parks, and Ted Wylie.

Cooking for friends on the big black wood stove was one of Adeline's greatest pleasures. In later years there was an electric range for everyday, but special occasions always called for the wood stove. Her specialities I remember, were chicken and dumplings and a spaghetti casserole. Though many have tried, none have duplicated her dumplings. All recipes had to be memorized, as she never learned to read or write.

She cooked for so many over the years, not only the household but numerous cousins from downstate who lived with the family while attending the UA. "Cousin Ella" (Hudgins later Hurst) was one such. Mother (Helen Hudgins Wiggans) always said that while the many Hudgins children were growing up Adeline had to "count the noses" in the beds to know how much breakfast to cook.

A fine sense of humor stood her in good stead with our family through the generations. Once my daddy, C.B. Wiggans pulled some hi jinks on Adeline. Whereupon, in mock anger, she grabbed a butcher knife and gave chase. Daddy got so tickled he crumpled in a heap on the floor.

I can't think of Adeline without remembering certain constants: she always had peppermint candy for visiting children, she LOVED watermelon; she almost always wore a stocking cap (made of a real stocking) in a futile effort to straighten her curly hair; she usually wore a big sparkling white apron; she pieced quilts of miniature patches until her eyes gave out; she always had a canary.

Adeline is the link that connects me with my great great grandparents, John P.A. and Mary Ann Parks, with my great grandparents John L. and Elizabeth Jane Blakeley, and with my grandmother, Leanora Izetta Hudgins whom I never knew. I wish my children and my grandson could have known Adeline's love, as I and many other children have been so privileged.

The Retired Teachers Association is now offering an index to its wonderful book "School Days, School Days..." published during Arkansas' Sesquicentennial Year, 1986. The index was compiled by Amelia Miller of Sacramento, CA and adds a great deal to the value of the book. The index sells for $2.50 a copy and there is a mailing charge of $1.00. Send orders to John Fox, 1145 Bonnie Lane, Fayetteville, AR 72703.

NEWSPAPERING IN WASHINGTON COUNTY

By Bob Besom, Director of the Shiloh Museum

There have been at least 50 general circulation newspapers published in Washington County since the first one made its appearance in Fayetteville in 1840. Because of changes in names, ownership, and location it is difficult to be certain about the number, but it appears that 10 communities have had newspapers at one time or another Some 29 have been published in Fayetteville; seven each in Prairie Grove; four each in Springdale, West Fork, and Cane Hill; two each in Winslow and Lincoln; and one each in Evansville, Elkins, and Cincinnati.

Many of the papers were short-lived, folding before they were even a year old. A paper lasting 10 years was exceptional. When a newspaper lives to be a hundred it is a real accomplishment. In May the *Springdale News* became the second Washington County newspaper to reach the hundred mark. The *Northwest Arkansas Times*, tracing its lineage back to the *Fayetteville Democrat*, celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1968.

Newspaper editors and typesetters were once a very mobile lot. The necessary equipment was simple and portable, and editors could easily move from place to place, gambling on the future of some community. The investment was small, but so was the return. One Arkansas man started a paper at the turn of the century with only $25.00 cash and $400.00 credit. But, for him, and everyone else in the business it was hard to make money at it. A country paper might have only 50 subscribers. Subscription rates of $1.00 a year were standard. Ads were tough to sell in a small town. "Pay in advance" was unheard of for subscriptions and collecting on any of the bills was a constant worry for an editor.

The small country weeklies usually consisted of four pages. Some of the space could be taken up with already-printed pages obtained from big-city suppliers. Local news was never as detailed as modern researchers would like. Ads could appear on page one and usually contained the only illustrations in the entire paper. William Quesenbury, editor of Fayetteville's *Southwest Independent*, introduced something extremely rare when he produced woodblock-printed cartoons in the 1850s. Woodblock engravings became less a surprise in the 1890s. By World War I pictures appeared, as did "comics."

The early papers were very much reflections of the personalities and convictions of the editors. In towns with more than one newspaper (Rogers in Benton County had five in 1912!) outspoken editors often clashed. The debates were sometimes personal and bitter and, elsewhere in Arkansas, sometimes led to duels. As indicated by their names, papers were at times started in support of a single issue or political party. In 1891 the *Alliance Advocate* was started in Evansville to promote a farmer-labor union movement. In the 1930s the *Fayetteville Democrat* and the *Fayetteville Republican* announced their political alignment in their titles.

Newspapers were family affairs. Husband and wife teams, with children in support, were common. The children would get printer's ink in their blood,

as the saying goes, and families such as the Staffords in Springdale would be involved in newspapering for generations.

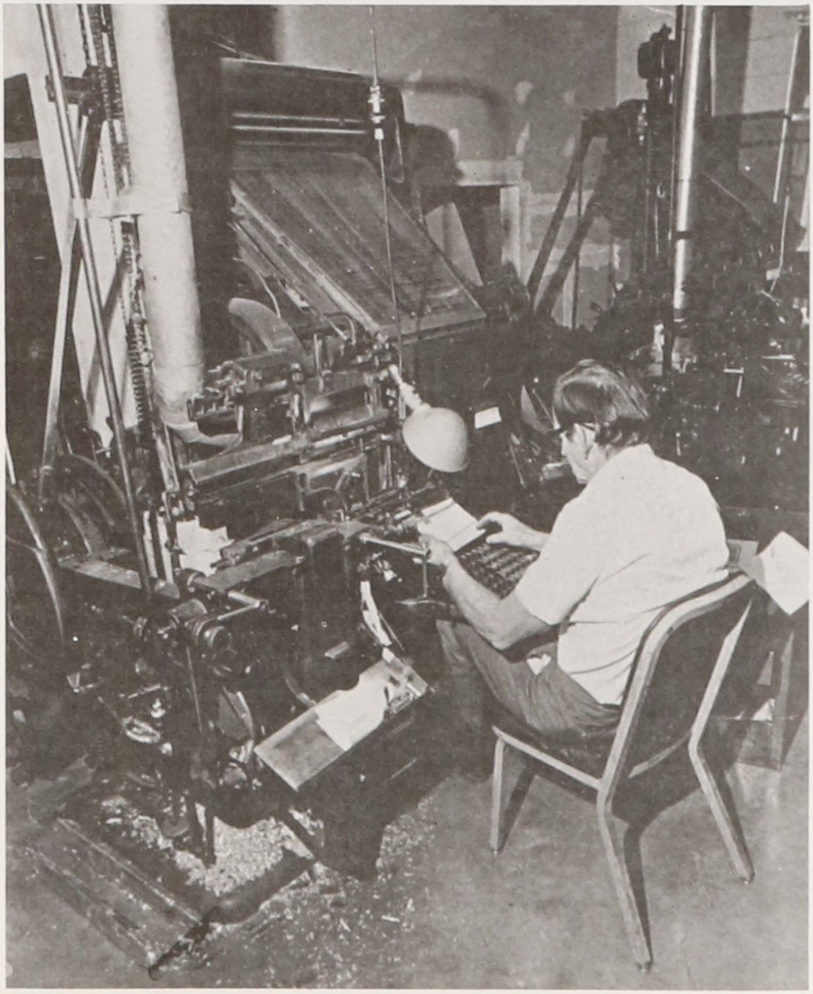
Women have been conspicuous in all phases of newspaper work, from the dirty back shop to the publisher's desk. By the late nineteenth century women did most of the typesetting. In 1893 Louise Payne started and edited what was undoubtedly the first daily in Northwest Arkansas, the *Fayetteville Daily*. Mrs. Roberta Fulbright, mother of a U.S. Senator and publisher of the *Northwest Arkansas Times*, was the most widely known of the women who managed newspapers in the region. But there have been many others.

James Newell builds last front page of Northwest Arkansas Times *in 1977 thus ending the hot metal era in Northwest Arkansas.*

Photo courtesy of Shiloh Museum

Printing the early newspapers was handwork. Type was arranged letter by letter, usually by the editor and his family. Itinerant typesetters wandered the country and had no trouble finding work. The presses, often crude, were hand-operated until noisy gasoline motors could be adapted to the press. The first typesetting machines reached Washington County when John Stafford purchased one for the *Springdale News* around 1900. They were in general use by the 1920s. However Maud Duncan, who, beginning in 1918, put together the entire *Winslow American* by herself, was still setting type by hand in the 1950s.

In 1962 the *Rogers Daily News* became the first daily in the state to aban-



Linotype machine used by the Northwest Arkansas Times *up until 1977 when it went to offset.* *Photo courtesy of Shiloh Museum*

don metal type altogether and adopt offset processing for which printing plates are produced photographically. The *Northwest Arkansas Times* converted in 1977 and was one of the last big papers in the state to do so. The old linotype machines and letterpresses were sold for scrap metal. Shops have been so totally modernized that it is difficult to even see examples of the technology today. A rare exception is the job printing shop of the *Prairie Grove Enterprise* run by Richard Layman, which still has many items from the "hot metal" era.

Offset technology is expensive, which is one of the reasons behind a dramatic shift in ownership in the past 15 years from individual, family-owned papers to chains. Small papers can no longer afford to have their own printing presses. There are seven papers (including two dailies) published in the county now. Only the dailies have their own presses. Typically a weekly paper sets its own type and pastes up its stories, ads, and illustrations in its own offices. The "camera-ready" pages are taken to an out-of-town printer early each Wednesday morning. The papers are printed quickly and then transported back to the newspaper offices in time to prepare them for mailing and delivery to racks Wednesday afternoon.

Newspapers are the most important source of information we have on the lives of our people and communities. So it is troubling that many — probably most — of Arkansas' newspapers have failed to make it into our libraries. Even after impressive efforts by the Arkansas History Commission and individuals such as Dr. Walter L. Brown, historian at the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, we still have only the titles of many of the papers. The staff of the University of Arkansas Library at Fayetteville is making a systematic effort to locate and arrange for copying those papers that can be found, including scattered single issues. That the need is urgent is illustrated by the fact that in the past five years the back file of two Northwest Arkansas papers have been destroyed by fire.

THOMAS THOMPSON AND ANN FINNEY OF COLONIAL Pennsylvania and North Carolina

The narrative history of the Thompson and Finney families and allied lines (Bird, Tinnin, Whitsett, Lawrence, Turrentine, Warren, Jones and Roundtree) has been drawn from many sources, including land, probate, military and Bible records, newspaper accounts, baptismal and cemetery records. Many statements from members of the family through memoirs, letters and diaries. Charts are included for the eight principal families. Index contains more than 5,000 entries. 416 pages, illustrated, hardback. Price $25.00 plus $1.50 postage. Order through Jane Gray Buchanan, 114 Berwick Drive, Oak Ridge, TN 37830.

QUERIES

Carlene Jones Boyd, Route 3, Box 1447, Rockwall, TX 75087 writes "I find my paternal grandfather William Edward JONES (age 9) and his sister Emma living with their maternal grandmother Sarah RUTHERFORD (age 50) in the 1880 Washington County census, Prairie Township. Who was Sarah's husband? What was her maiden name? Where is William and Emma's mother Safronia Rutherford?

Glen Diment, 12249 Rockcrest Road, Lakeside, CA 92040 asks who are the parents of Robert GAUTNEY, b. 1884 and listed in the 1900 census as grandson of Robert DIMENT?

Martha Keen, 409 Victory Lane, Yakima, WA 98901 needs information on James R. KEEN, born January 24, 1863, Knoxville, TN, died January 13, 1953 in Fayetteville. In 1885 he married Sarah Mandy Estep Barn, born December 26, 1869, Jonesboro, TN, died December 22, 1941 in Fayetteville. They had ten children: William, Ellis, Sam, Bertha, Ellen, Della Jane, Jim Wiley, Clifford, Fred, Jack (Orla) May. Keen was a retired Methodist minister and farmer. Will gladly exchange what information I do have.

Nancy Maxwell, 10299 Alder Court, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730 would like to correspond with descendants of the following early AR pioneers and settlers: James and Catherine (FINLEY) PYEATT, John D. and Amy (PATRICK) MOORE, James COULTER, SR. Burwell and Rebecca (MOBLEY) COX, James and LaVicy (BUCHANAN) CRAWFORD, John Buchanan (d. Pulaski County, AR 1820). My sister-in-law is descended from all of these people and I am compiling a family history. Would be happy to exchange whatever I have on a particular family with interested descendants. With the exception of the Pyeatts and John Buchanan, these families lived in Washington County, AR. The Pyeatts lived for a number of years in Pulaski County.

Debbie Miller, P.O. Box 7442, Canyon Lake, CA 92380 seeks information on WELLS, THOMAS, McLAUGHLIN, LANE, CAMPBELL, FUGATE, SMITH, COUCH, BOONE, SHORES, SCHORS, HUTCHENS, SCANTLIN, WILLIAMS, RIES, SCHNEIDER, PFAU, COX, STANLEY, BRASSWELL, WATKINS. Williams Wells, b. 1829 (probably Il) m. Mary Jane Shores, B. 1840 AR, daughter of William D. Shores and Elizabeth Hutchens. Died in Civil War — where, and when? Who were his parents? Marchant Thomas, father of Anderson Thomas, b. 1830 KY, son of Isaac Thomas and Elizabeth Smith, m. Polly Campbell, daughter of Lewis Campbell and Mary Fugate. Also, Marchant Thomas, father of Isaac, b. 1760-70, m. Jamina ? b. 1770's. Robert McLaughlin, b. 1825 TN, m. Mary Ann Lane, b. 1823

IL, parents of Sarah Jane who m. Anderson Thomas. Roland Lane m. Catherine ?, parents of Mary Ann. Zachariah Fugate, b. ?, m. ?. Nancy Ann Couch, b. 1777 NC, daughter of John Couch and Mary Boone, m. William Campbell.

Mamie E. Cox Parker, 1412 S. W. 54th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73119 would like to contact descendants or aquaintances of William Smith HARVILL (1823-1911) and wife Mary Ann (BELL) Harvill (1838-1920) of Mt. View and Arroll, Missouri. She is their granddaughter. Also wonders if "heads of families" listed in 1790 census of Talbout County, MD (Edward Cox, Daniel P. Cox, Jane Cox and Isaac Cox, page 111) are related.

Mrs. LaCretia H. Stout, 3012 North East Ave., Apt. B, Springfield, MO 65803-3601 needs the following information: Where did John ROGERS (RODGERS) who died 4 March 1859 marry about 1814 Agnes P. VANCE, b. 25 June 1796 TN, died 19 August 1836, buried Industry, McDonough, IL? Where did James Vance, b. 3 September 1764 Wrightstown, Bucks, PA who died 7 October 1835, buried Industry, McDonough, IL, marry 28 January 1782 Margaret RENO, b. 21 September 1762 White, TN, who died 16 October 1850, buried Industry, McDonough, IL? Where did Silas BIRKES (BURKS), b. 1 March 1815, Johnson, IL, who died 29 May, 1882, buried Monett, MO marry 15 January 1815 Sarah "Sally" Rogers, b. 20 June 1819 White, IL, who died 18 March 1857, buried Rockhouse, Madison, AR? Where did John Reno, b. 13 April 1715, Prince William, VA, who died 14 June 1806 Elizabethton, Carter, TN marry?? ??, when ?? ??. Must have proof.

Pat Sutton, 1707 South 77 E. Avenue, Tulsa, OK 74112 would like to share information on Isaac BUNYARD, b. 19 August 1840 in MO, died 12 January 1911 in Washington County, AR, married ca 1868 to Mary Elizabeth HOKE at Winslow, AR. No record found, but Nelson POOR was the J.P. Mary E. Hoke, b. 1846 in IN died 1930 at Winslow, AR. Mary and Isaac are buried at Freedom Cemetery, Crawford County, No death certificate for either. Mary was the daughter of Jonathan Hoke, b. 25 March 1818, died 5 January 1886 and Polly??, b. 1817, died December 17, 1873, both in Ohio. Also James H. CATE b. July 1833 in Washington County, AR, died 7 June 1920, Adair County, OK. Married Lavina Jane BELL 20 June 1858 at Fayetteville, died 1913-19, buried in unmarked grave in Adair County, OK. James H. Cate was the son of Ephraim CATES, b. 1810 in TN, died Washington County, AR ca 15 March 1858, believe he married a TOMEMSON. Ephraim was the son of Isaac Cates and Susannah Maynard. Isaac b. ca 1790, died 19 December 1844 in Washington County, AR. Married in Jefferson County, TN 24 March 1807. Also Joseph Street SERATT b. 1857, died 1934. Born in Washington County, AR, married Phobe R. BELDON, b. 1853, died 1920. Married 1875 at Winslow. Joesph was son of John Seratt and Nancy Ann LANE. John b. in KY 1810, died before 1870. Nancy, b. TN ca 1819, died before John and both are buried at Freedom Cemetery, but no dates on stone. Would like to know if anyone knows if any records were kept near Winslow, AR during this time. Was there a funeral home? Any information would be greatly appreciated.

AN UNFINISHED STORY

by Debbie Miller

Grandma's been gone four years now. That void at family gatherings is ever present. Retelling all her wonderful stories with heartfelt laughter and whispered secrets are the treasures that help to endear family memories.

Grandma enjoyed reminiscing about her childhood. Her immediate family was comprised of hardworking men and women, poor but blessed with energy and ambition. She told my sisters and me of the joys, heartbreaks and sacrifices one made in those hard times.

Grandma and I began our quest for unknown ancestors about 10 years ago, neither of us knowing anything about genealogy. She would recall a grandparent's name, a birthdate, a county, an uncle...not much to go on. I jotted them down, but over the years the notes were shelved, temporarily forgotten. The past could wait.

Suddenly, Grandma was gone!

One day I ran across those jottings — those few scattered names, my link between past and future. Thus began this madness, this obsession, this quest for information, this unfinished story.

My grandmother was born Ina Myrtle Wells on 21 March 1906 in Sebastian County, AR. She was the youngest of 10 children, seven of whom lived to adulthood.

Life was difficult, often cruel and unforgiving. Grandma's father died when she was only two years old. That made hard times for her family. Only eight years earlier, the family lost two darling little girls, Eunice from typhoid fever at the age of two years and seven months, and little Enid, under a year, from scarlet fever. Yet another blow: they had a stillborn boy a few years later. In spite of tragedy upon tragedy, the family struggled on.

Her eldest brother, Calvin, soon married and left home. Brothers Solan and Robert pitched in to run the little farm. There was much to do and everyone did their share. Even tiny Ina, dragging a sack much larger than she, went to work in the fields with the rest of the family. The chores and hard work never stopped. Sometimes there was no wood for the fire and little to eat, but this determined family worked their way through.

Children would sacrifice education to help with chores and other responsibilities. Grandma was always a little embarrassed by the fact that she didn't finish school. She spoke fondly of days when her sister, Paradine, and she walked three miles to the little country school house. Sometimes they went in bad weather and without shoes.

When World War I started, brother Robert was drafted, creating an even greater hardship for her family. The family soon moved to Atchison, KS where she met the man with whom she would spend the rest of her life. While working at Blair's Flour Mill in Atchison, a mutual friend suggested she and Arthur Philamalee meet. She didn't care much for him at first, but it was love at first sight for Arthur. Blessed with thick, chestnut brown hair, hazel eyes and dimples, she was beautiful. But it didn't take long for his baby blue eyes and wonderful sense of humor to win her heart. Grandma was on-

ly 17 when she secretly eloped to marry the dashing and somewhat flirtatious Mr. Philamalee.

When the married couple returned, her mother was furious. She accused him of "stealing her baby". Grandma always claimed her mother never really forgave Granddad, but they lived, loved and celebrated life together for more than 50 years. When Grandma, or "Mama" as he called her, passed away, he seemed to lose his lust for life and soon joined her in death.

Grandma's father was born William Alfred Wells on 18 March 1860, somewhere in Arkansas. He married a 16-year-old, Mary Alice Thomas, daughter of Anderson Thomas and Sarah Jane McLaughlin, on 20 January 1888 in Franklin County, AR. Mary or "Alice" as she preferred to be called, was born 12 October 1872, also in Arkansas. She was said to have been born with a "veil", which supposedly gave her psychic powers. There may have been something to that old wives' tale. Alice was reputed to be a reader of tea leaves.

William's health began to fail. He had planned to move his family to a drier climate in the coming spring. Alice had nursed him through a severe illness once before, but this time William sensed the end. "Alice, honey, you're not going to pull me through again." William worsened and on his 20th wedding anniversary he died, leaving his family devastated. William belonged to Beverly Lodge No. 829 I.O.O.F. His lodge brothers came to the house to help prepare him for burial. He was dressed and shaved. Their beloved husband and father was laid to rest under a big oak tree in what Alice believed to be a dedicated cemetery. Years later Grandma and Granddad returned to locate William's grave. They found only a pasture with a menacing bull. No graves, no markers, no trace of those buried so long ago.

William's father was William Wells, born in 1829, most likely in Illinois. He married Mary Jane Shores, age 16, on February 1856 in Franklin County, AR. He may have been married before; however, no record of another marriage has been found as yet. What actually happened to William and his wife remains a mystery.

Grandma remembers as a child hearing the story of how William, a young Confederate soldier, learned his family was ill, requested a leave to return home, which was denied. He was desperate and left against orders, traveling by night. When he approached Union lines, he tied a cow bell to his horse and sneaked through. Once home, he found his family terribly ill. Unfortunately, William was followed. He was captured at home, taken out behind the barn and shot for desertion. To date, I have found no proof of this. I have run across several William Wells muster rolls; the search continues.

Mary Jane Shores seems to have vanished. Their children were found in the 1870 Franklin County, AR census in the household of their grandfather, William D. Shores.

William Will and Mary Jane Shore's children were:

George Washington Wells — born 18 March 1860 AR, married 20 January 1878, Franklin County, AR to Elizabeth Patrick, and died 22 June 1939 Sequoyah County, OK. Buried Box Cemetery, No. 11.

William Alfred Wells — born 18 March 1860 AR, married 20 January 1888 Franklin County, AR and died 20 January 1906 OK.

William Dall (or Dale) Shores was an interesting and prominent character in Washington County, AR. He was born 12 May 1804 in Surry County, NC. His parents were Jacob Shores and Margaret Scantlin. William is first found in Crawford County, AR 1835 purchasing land with his brother, Alfred. He married Elizabeth Hutchens, daughter of Strangeman Hutchens and Charity Williams. It is belived they were married in Washington County, AR around 1838-39. This has not been documented, though, as there were no records before 1845. The young couple is found in the West Fork, Washington County, AR 1840 census. There were many Washington County land transactions made during the next several years. In November of 1845, he was listed at postmaster of Sweethome, Washington County, and again April 1848-1852 as Taney postmaster. His name appears on the marriage certificate of Sarah Mclaughlin and Levi Arrington, signing as Justice of the Peace, dated December 1868. And again on the marriage certificate of Sarah Arrington and Anderson Thomas dated July 1870.

He appears on the 1850 census in West Fork Township, Washington County. About 1855 he and his family moved to Hurricane Creek, Crawford County, now Franklin County. His wife Elizabeth died 28 May 1860 of dropsy and is listed in the 1860 mortality schedule.

William married Nancy Wilson on 25 August 1860 in Washington County. 1870 we find William, Nancy, little William, Alfred, George Washington Wells and Sarah Arrington living in Franklin County. Sarah Arrington later marries Anderson Thomas and becomes the mother of William Alfred's wife, Mary Alice Thomas.

Arkansas seceded from the Union on May 6, 1861. A minor battle was fought at Prairie Grove, AR on 7 December 1862. Prairie Grove was located north of White Rock, Washington County. It may have been shortly after this battle occurred that William Shores drove a wagon of wheat to Van Buren, AR. While gone, stragglers from the Union army arrived at the Shores home and demanded Nancy feed them. After eating, the soldiers removed the feather mattresses from the beds, threw them on the floor and put hot coals onto the mattresses. The resulting fire burned the house to the ground.

There have been articles written stating William Shores was a Major in the Confederate Army. I find no record of his service. He would have been 57 years old at the beginning of the war.

On 3 June 1873 William Shores filed a deposition before the commission of claims -13963 for $275.00 which was eventually disallowed. In this he claims Union alliance and disavows any loyalty to the Confederate army. However, he did have two sons-in-law who enlisted in the Confederate Army for a short time, and later they enlisted with Union troops. This might explain William Wells' military records not proving Grandma's story.

William appears in the 1880 census of White Rock Township, Franklin County, AR. 22 July 1885 William died in Franklin County, AR and was buried north of White Rock in the Shores Family cemetery, next to his first

wife, Elizabeth. William's children were:

1. Mary Jane married William Wells
2. Charity S. married Wesley Mainer
3. Alfred Wallace married Milly Wilson 1868 by William D. Shores, Almirinda McLaughlin in 1873, S. Betty (Peters) Bowels 1892.
4. Louis C. married Sylvania Hays.

All were born in Arkansas.

William's son Alfred Wallace became the owner of William's property on Hurricane Creek in Franklin County, AR. Later he sold a part of his property to the U.S. Government. The government dammed up Hurricane Creek and created a lake, called Shores Lake. The lake exists today in a recreational area with the Shores descendants given free admittance for life.

People move on, leaving their family and friends behind. Remembrances of times past, faces and traditions give me a sense of continuity and an awareness of my background. Time passes quickly. I relish my childhood memories of those wonderful days spent with my grandparents. The tiny woman with the sparkle in her eyes and the dimples my sister Teresa inherited. Grandpa, with the sky blue eyes that twinkled when he teased. He with the calloused hands that reached out for us as we squealed, "Me first, Granddad".

Through them I've learned to love and respect others. Their legacy of values is a part of who I am today. Values to share with grandchildren.

Thus continues the story ...

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

BROKEN LEG

Out near the smokehouse, by the path from the barnyard gate, sat an old washing machine. Now don't tell me that's impossible — the year was 1916, there was no electricity. All our laundry was done by hand, in washtubs on the back porch, in the back yard with the big black iron pot and the copper wash boiler heated by the wood stove in the kitchen. That's right, but the washing machine was there. It was there in 1914, when Dad bought the place.

It was heavy — a cast iron stand, I think, with a copper tub, a paddle inside it, a gear train under the tub, and on the side, a crank plus flywheel. At first it took two small boys to turn the crank. As we grew, it limbered up a little or we got stronger, so it became a habit when passing to give the thing a turn or two.

One evening going by with a bucket of milk in my left hand, I gave the crank a too careless jerk. The whole thing fell over on me, pinning my left leg to the ground. I screamed like a banshee, Mother told me later. All I can remember is calling in a dignified way, "Somebody come! Please help me." It's remarkable how the passage of years will refine certain memories.

So they picked me up and put me in bed. I hurt too badly to eat any supper. I'm told I cried all night. It seems nobody else got any sleep either. By the morning my leg hurt worse than ever, so Dad called Dr. Pitman from Cincinnatti. He arrived mid-morning, in his buggy, with his little black bag and some extra packages experience dictated he would need. He felt my swollen left leg, and announced, "Well, it's broken all right. Mrs. Greer I'll need a dishpan and a kettle of warm water." While she was getting them, he put me on the kitchen table. Then Dad held my knee while Dr. Pitman pulled on my foot until he could feel the broken ends go back into plan. Next with roll bandages and plaster of paris, he built up the cast I was to wear for the next several weeks. I don't remember much about the bone-setting. I'm told I did a little hollering.

Dad made me a crutch out of an old broomstick, with a top piece that he shaped out of a chunk of wood padded so it was bearable. After a few days I got around pretty well, but not far from the house. About a week before Dr. Pitman said the cast could come off, Dad took the crutch away. I had to start putting weight on that left leg. I suppose the cast distributed the load somewhat. When Dr. Pitman finally came to snip off the cast with a special tool, I took to the crutch once again.

It didn't take long to get back on both feet, though. Thus, I lost my favored status, and had to resume my share of the daily chores. Oh well, all good things must come to an end.

YOU HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL!

Mother had been a school teacher, and when Lewis and I reached an age where we wanted to read, she started teaching us. Dad put up a blackboard in the kitchen. The next time he went to town, he came back with chalk and an eraser, and slates and slate pencils, and when we reached school age, Mother kept on teaching us. "We just won't say anything about it," she said. "Maybe they will forget about you two."

But they didn't. One day a buggy pulled up in front of the house. The driver hollered "Hello!" — you didn't just get out and go right up to the front door — and mother came to the door and told the dog to be quiet.

"Howdy, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Ingram" she welcomed. "Won't you come in? I guess you want to see my husband. He's out in the field, but I'll ring the bell."

"We won't get out, Maam" he said. "We're on the school board. We've got to tell you, you'll have to send them young'uns to school. Hit's the law"

"Mr. Henderson," she declared. "I've been teaching them. You know I used to be a teacher."

"Hit don't make no difference, Maam. We seen Lem Holland. Told him

to git that oldest boy out'n the cornfield and back in school. He claimed, iffn you'uns didn't have to send them, he didn't neither. So we'd be much obliged if you'uns would do it."

"Thank you, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Ingram. I guess we'll just have to do it", she sighed.

And we did. The next day Lewis and I set off down the lane, across the pasture, through the barbed wire fence into Charley Thomason's red clover field, then down the road to Rennick School. School was from 8 in the morning until 4:30 in the afternoon for seven months a year. To get there was about a mile walk.

Now Charlie Thomason, who lived about a mile and a half from us had a sister living with him — Bessie Johnson, separated from her husband, and bringing up two daughters, just Lewis's and my ages, named Thelma and Fay. We had visited back and forth for two years, and paired off: Thelma was my girl; Fay, Lewis's. The visits were a delight. The girls were pretty, charming, and fun to be with. But that was beginning to be a worry to us as we walked to school that first day. No matter what our private feelings, boys of seven and nine were supposed to be indifferent — nay, scornful — of girls. How were we to treat them when we got to school? I could just hear the chant: "David's stuck on Thelma — David's stuck on Thelma — yak, yak, yak!"

Temporarily, the difficulty was avoided. We got there just as teacher stepped to the schoolhouse door to ring her little bell. We lined up in two rows, boys on the left, girls on the right, then filed in through out separate doors.

Rennick was a one-room, one-teacher, 8-grade school. There were 23 of us, scattered through the eight grades but with some grades — notably seven and eight — not represented at all. Two or three farmer pupils, after spending a couple or three years in the fifth and sixth grades, had reached the age of 16. They dropped out, and the boys were back at home, plowing, getting in the hay, chopping firewood. I don't know what the girls were doing, except that some married at 16 or 17.

Anyway, Lewis and I were assigned to first and third grades. Then, because we could already read and cipher, we were immediately reassigned to third and fifth grades, and seated accordingly.

Fay and Thelma were there alright, — across the aisle, on the girl's side. They beamed at us. We wanted to smile back, but it would have been too embarrassing. So we ignored them. Strange school, strange children all about us — we were embarrassed enough already. Recess was short. There was no confrontation. But, at noon hour, to avoid meeting the girls, we went down the patch to the spring where we got out drinking water, and dawdled until we thought it was almost time for school to "take up". Then we started back up the path.

As we started up, Fay and Thelma appeared at the top, coming to meet us. But not just Fay and Thelma. With them were two of the older girls, Opal Ingram and Suzie Simpson, plus two or three of the little ones. And Thelma and Fay out front. We met halfway. We stopped. They stopped. They were **not** going to the spring. This was a confrontation. There was

mischief written all over their faces. The phalanx expanded to completely block the path. Thelma leered, "David, you haven't gone back on me, have you?"

I said desperately — and mendaceously — "I don't know what you mean." Like fun I didn't. I knew exactly what she meant. If she was with all of the others hadn't looked like they wre having so much fun, I might have felt contrite.

I looked around me. There was just room to dive under the barbed wire in the fence beside the path. We dived, Lewis and I. The girls followed. The hunt was on! They chased us up one side of the creek and down the other until the bell rang. We dashed, panting, into the haven of the schoolhouse with its protection of the proprieties.

After school that day, we ran toward home until we were out of sight. When we arrived home we reported on the games we played at recess, about teacher's crochets, and tried out some new words we'd learned (golly, yellow homemade soap tastes awful). Not a word about the girls. It was too awful!

The next day we got to school early. There was a big brushpile behind the schoolhouse. With the help of Crews Guilliams, we tunneled into it, hollowed out a space big enough for three boys to sit. We repaired to its safety. For the next few days until the pursuit had been forgotten.

The next time we went to Charlie Thomason's house for a visit on a Sunday afternoon, the girls were their old charming selves. No mention was made of infidelity, of pursuit or escape. Somehow, in a hide-and-seek game we were playing out in the barn that afternoon, I found myself tied up in a grain sack where I had hidden.

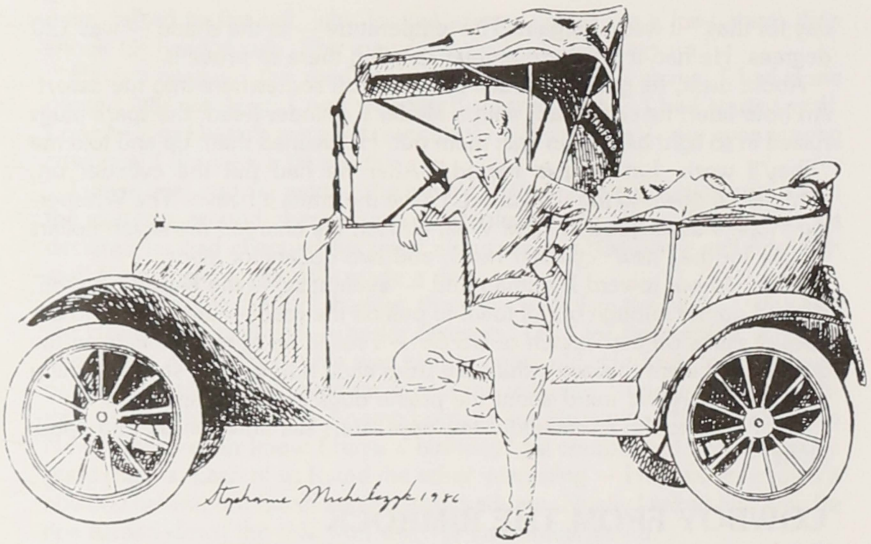
Oh, the duplicity of women!

THE WHISPERING HOPE

The first night out of Los Angeles, I stopped somewhere in the Mojave Desert between San Bernardino and Needles, spread my blankets on the ground, and went to sleep hoping there were no rattlesnakes around looking for a warm bed. The car had been coughing and bucking. I thought I'd do better trying to get to a mechanic in the daytime.

I had bought the car a month before, shortly before graduation. One day as I was sitting in the Stanford Union, Ernie Orrick came along asking, "Did you ever find a car to go home in?" I told him no. He pointed to the Mexican boy behind the soda counter, "Alfredo there is trying to sell his Ford. Why don't you talk to him?"

I did try out the car. It ran. We made a deal. The year was 1929. Alfredo's car was a 1921 Model T touring car. The top was long gone, its frame, too. The tires were fair. There was no spare. The body was somewhat battered. I paid Alfredo $20 cash for his car. I now had transportation to Arkansas after graduation. Also I'd see something of the West on the way. I hunted 'round the junkyards along El Camino Real until I found a 1922 Chevrolet roadster with an intact top, bought it and, with a little distortion, mounted it over the front seat of my touring car. I called on my friends to show them a sport



roadster with a rumble seat! I practiced how to crank without getting one's arm broken (you **must** retard the spark!).

The car was christened "Whispering Hope" with a painted motto on each side proclaiming "Caveat Emptor."

On the night I stopped in the Mojave Desert, I had been on the road seven days. One day into Yosemite, two days spent there; one day out again and down the San Jaquin Valley to Fresno, one day to Los Angeles with a day visit there, and one day on US 66 toward Needles. That afternoon in the Mojave was the beginning of trouble. I carried a five-gallon can of water for the radiator, but in the desert heat, the radiator boiled over before I noticed. I didn't let the motor cool off enough before I poured in water. It was right soon after that the motor started to limp.

Next morning, I woke to find that I was bedded down in a prairie dog town. The observation made me uncomfortable because I had read rattlesnakes liked to pre-empt prairie dog burrows. Filling the radiator with the rest of my water, I set out for Needles, the motor bucking and jerking. We passed Needles, crossed the suspension bridge over the Colorado, into Topock, AZ, before I found a repair shop open.

The shop owner diagnosed my trouble at once. "You've cracked your cylinder head," he declared, "You should **never** pour cold water into an overheated motor."

He let me know he could get me a new cylinder head from Los Angeles. It would take three days, and cost about $30 — half of what I had to take me home. I was dismayed. He thought about it a while, then said "Tell you what I'll do. If you'll wait until I close up this evening, I think I know where I can get you a cylinder head that will fit. Just park under the brush arbor across the street — here, I'll help you push. I put that arbor up for my customers. I charge two bits to park in the shade there — you can park all

day for that." It was a bargain. The temperature — in the shade — was 120 degrees. He had a big thermometer hanging there to prove it.

About dusk, he got in his truck and went off somewhere into the desert. An hour later, he came back with a Model T cylinder head, the spark plugs rusted in so tight he couldn't get them out. He cleaned them up and told me "They'll work. Let's get'er started." After he had put the cylinder on, tightened it down to the old gasket, I gave the crank a heave. The Whispering Hope was as good as new! Well, almost. He charged me seven dollars — five for the "new" cylinder head, and two dollars for labor.

I headed out toward Kingman and — eventually — the Grand Canyon. When I got far enough out of town to pull off the road — there were no ditches or curbs on that stretch of US 66 — I rolled up in my blankets on the ground and went to sleep exhausted from eight hours in the shade under a brush arbor. Never mind about the prairie dogs or the rattlesnakes.

I got back to Arkansas about ten days later, still firing on all four spark plugs.

COWBOY FROM THE RIMROCK

The Whispering Hope and I lurched into Santa Rosa, N.M. in the mid morning. The right front fender was almost dragging on its tire, the steering didn't feel right, plus there was an alarming amount of noise from somewhere up front whenever we turned a corner. Along the route, in one of the potholes on US 66, we had broken a front spring. I was looking for repairs.

Today US 66 has been replaced by I-40, — except for an occasional stretch under repair, or to fill up with gasoline — one needn't slow down from west coast to east. But in 1929, it was a two-lane affair, rough in places, and invisible in others where blowing sand had drifted over the road. Today the minimum speed on our highways is faster than the maximum speed of the Whispering Hope — then 35 miles per hour, I estimated. A 1921 Model T did not have a speedometer.

We lurched to a stop in a filling station repair shop so I could negotiate with the owner for a new (used) front spring. No problem, junkyards were found in every town, with Model T carcasses most common. I had made my deal — car to be ready about 3:00 that afternoon — when I noticed a young man sitting on the curb, feet in the gutter, a scowl on his face, and his bedroll beside him. He was slim, red-haired, freckled, dressed in jeans, blue shirt, and cowboy boots. He looked to be about my age: 20 years.

I asked the station owner what was wrong with the boy. "Oh, he's a puncher from up on the Rimrock somewhere. Says he's going to Quanah, but won't nobody give him a ride. Says he guesses he'll have to wait for tonight's bus."

I had been on the road about two weeks, was lonely for someone to talk to, and besides, I was getting low on money. I told the garageman that I would give the cowboy a ride to Quanah (about 300 miles east, right on my route) if he would contribute five gallons of gasoline. The owner walked

over, talked to the kid, who looked around, gave me a long stare, then shook his head slowly. The man reported back, "he says no."

Having been on the road fourteen days, without a shave, I had done darned little washing. I was wearing the same clothes I had started with. Long hair and beards were not respectable in those days — not even among cowboys. I did look a bit scruffy.

I went over and sat next to the traveler. We talked a while, mostly about the country around there. Soon he looked a big uncomfortable as he declared he had changed his mind about waiting. Could he still ride with me? He'd buy the gas. We made a deal.

He paid for his share of the fuel, threw his bedroll in the back of Whispering Hope, as we set out — he for Quanah, TX, I for Bentonville, AR. His name was Jack Magee. He was twenty years old. He had, indeed, been punching cattle up on the Rimrock for the last year. Sunday was his birthday. He was homesick, and going home to see his family. "Don't nobody in New Mexico even know I have a birthday" he complained. We got to be good friends. Each of us found the other interesting — I had never known a cowboy before, nor he an engineering graduate. Finally I asked him why he first turned down the ride with me. He was embarrassed.

"Well, you were just so tough looking that I was skeered," he acknowledged.

We drove until very late that night. Wound up sleeping in a subdivision on the west side of Amarillo — a welcome change from the hard ground of Arizona and New Mexico, because the subdivision had a heavy growth of unmowed Bermuda grass. (It also had sand burrs, which I was picking out of my blankets a year later.) The next day I dropped Jack off at Quanah — he wanted me to stay to enjoy a birthday dinner with him, but I too was anxious to get home.

I have always since felt just a little proud that once I was so tough-looking a genuine Texas cowboy was afraid to ride with me.

A sequel to this story. Three or four years later, when I was living in Washington, D.C., a girl I knew telephoned me. She was giving a "little tea" for a friend and her friend's new fiance, at the Carlton Hotel Sunday afternoon. Would I like to come as her date? Of course I would. The girls were both from Newport, R.I. The fiance was a young Ensign just out of the Naval Academy. When he mentioned he was from Quanah, TX, I asked if he knew Jack Magee. "Sure," he said, "I went to high school with him."

A few years later, when I was visiting Dad and Mother in Little Rock, Dad and I drove up to Bentonville where he still had property. We stopped at Cave Springs, found a place to park near the big spring, and were eating our lunch when a car full of schoolteachers stopped nearby for the same purpose. We fell to talking, and I asked where they hailed from. "Quanah, Texas,". Of course, I asked "Do you know Jack Magee?" Two of them spoke at once, "Sure, we went to school with him."

This is what I call one of my "small world" stories. It is a strange thing how the threads of our lives touch and re-touch to our knowledge. But how many times do the threads intertwine without our knowing?

MEMORIES OF OLD VINEYARD

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight.
Make me a child again just for tonight!

I can't remember who said those words above, but when I try to go back to my early life in Old Vineyard, I wish I could for a little while. When I think about it, thoughts rush in so fast it's hard to sort them out. Someone once asked the question: "Is it possible to look back from the present in our lives, as if watching a moving picture in reverse to its close, and remember or see all of our lives?"

No, it is not possible, as I have tried in writing this memoir. As one rushes headlong into the memories of childhood, one little bit after another floats away in my mind, never to be recovered. Impressions and experiences are remembered and are close, indeed, but without continuity. So we depend on what we can recapture with a thought, a sound, or a scent.

Vineyard was not just a schoolhouse, although that schoolhouse played a big part in my life even before I started to school there. Vineyard was a community of people who were wonderful — loving and sharing — a whole community, but small, even though it did not seem small to me then.

Vineyard School, December 20, 1912, whom can you identify?

by Christine Chandler Gamble

I lived in Vineyard the first ten years of my life, and spent the first four years of school in that huge and wonderful old building. The ceiling must have been thirty feet high with pilasters down the middle of it. It had a very attractive front entrance with two double doors at the top of several steps. This entrance faced the south, but there was a single door at the north, called the back door. There were huge wood stoves in each end and the wood — lots of it — was stacked near the back door. I don't know who cut the wood and built the fires in the early morning when it was cold. (We had very cold winters and lots of big snows then.) During the day, the big boys fed the stoves.

The "grown girls and boys" sat on one side of the room and the smaller ones on the other. The teacher's desk was up front, of course, the recitation bench was in front of her desk. I remember very well the teacher saying, "First grade reading class rise, pass, be seated please." We would march in double file up the wide aisle.

I loved school and our teachers, and could hardly wait for classes to start because I knew all of my lessons "by heart". There were four in our first grade class, and at the end of the school year, the one who had the most "head

marks" got a prize. Don't ask me why "head marks" was used; it meant a perfect lesson. At the end of my first year I had the most "head marks" and my prize was a beautiful and adorable story book, all in color, called "Winkie Bunny Tail". I still have that book (much the worse for wear) and read it to both of my daughters. There was a fairy in it called "Joy" and immediately I adopted Joy as my secret playmate. You had to clap your hands together and whisper "Joy" when you were in trouble; I had many experiences with "Joy" over a long period.

My roots went very deep in the Vineyard. I was the third generation of Chandlers who attended Vineyard school, and I saw Jimmy Chandler (my father's name) carved on several of the desks and some of the pilasters. My great-grandfather settled there in 1826 and I'm sure he helped to build that schoolhouse as he had ten children, and he was very community-minded.

Some of the wonderful people I still remember: the Basshams, Dentons, Winsteads, Galloways, Wilsons, Henry Leaches, McAtees, and the John Garretts. The Garretts were our parents' best friends and we children called them Mr. John and Miss Kate. Their children were the same age as we were, and we spent many happy times together. Among others I must not forget were the Minta Whites. Their Marie was my best friend in first grade and I was heartbroken when they moved to Stilwell. Oklahoma. Too, there were the Ewings who had intermarried with the Chandlers a generation or two back. We got lots of love and attention from Aunt Ann and Uncle Steward Holcroft who were my father's sister and her husband. Also, father's brother Uncle Joe Chandler and his wife Dora, who also had no children, indulged us.

The church in our community, called New Church, was served by circuit riding preachers who came often and preached twice on Sunday. Usually they were Campbellites or Methodists, with now and then a Baptist, and they did preach long sermons, especially on Sunday night. Uncle Polk Crozier was a Presbyterian, and although he married my parents and we've been Presbyterians all of our lives, he never preached at the New Church. There was no music in the church, except for voices; I think everyone knew the songs by heart.

When the preaching started, I began to be sleepy, and laid my head in Mrs. Bassham's lap (I was her pet). Mother held the baby who was my sister Irene, and Anna Mae sat by Mama. Our brothers (the two in the picture) sat together. The final hymn was always the same — "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior". Perhaps it was because everyone knew it. I can still hear my father's beautiful tenor voice singing as he picked me up with my sleepy head snuggled on his shoulder. But when church was over, I had to stand up.

On Decoration Day, I would give a recitation at the program in Vineyard (as taught by my father, who would hold me on the highest tombstone).

Christmas Eve was the biggest event in our lives as it marked the end of school for the year. We had only a five-month school. Our teachers made the most of it and no child ever left Vineyard without being able to read well, spell, do his numbers, and write.

The year I was three years old I was going to recite Clemons' "The Visit of St. Nicholas". It was also the year I asked for a red rocking chair, and

it was all I talked about. The Christmas tree was enormous — it touched the ceiling — and it was decorated by the school children. Smaller presents were hung on the tree and the larger ones placed under it.

That night when we walked into Vineyard school, after looking at that beautiful tree with awe, I looked up at my mother and said, "I see my red rocking chair down there. I think I'll go and sit in it." My mother said later that if that chair had not been mine she would have had to take me home. I sat in it and when the program started and they called my name, I got up holding my chair behind me, went up on the stage and recited "Twas the Night Before Christmas" without a mistake. I had been told by my father to speak loudly, and I did. Father said they could have heard me a mile away.

Every Friday, just before school ended, we had a spelling bee. Two of the eighth graders were chosen as leaders by the teachers, and they took turns choosing sides. As I was only a second grader and no one would choose me, my brother had to. Imagine my excitement when the teacher gave the word "gnat" and none of the other students could spell it. Never was a little girl happier when I spelled it "g-n-a-t" loud and clear and won the spelling match.

I cried when Vineyard school burned down in the summer of 1920, as I loved that old school. We tried to have school at New Church, but it was not successful. We had no desks; it was not big and cool like Vineyard. Mrs. Mae Young, our teacher held classes outside in the shade of a huge oak, but we sat on the ground and it was very uncomfortable in August.

Apparently the schoolhouse had been the victim of arson, and my parents had hated that, so we moved to Lincoln and started to school in September. I was in the fifth grade, ten years old.

Memories of my early years in the Vineyard Community are happy ones. I think of the ice cream socials held in our pretty front yard: the white tabletops set on saw horses, with my mother's three-layer white coconut cake in the center and bouquets of field daisies everywhere. The men went to Lincoln in a wagon and bought ice packed in sawdust. The ladies made their favorite recipes — always vanilla — and put the mixture in one-gallon milk buckets with tight lids. The men sat and turned the buckets in the ice. It took a lot of hands.

I remember we sang, played drop-the-handkerchief, and I'm sure I recited or sang a song — I was such a "show-off".

Those years were very meaningful to me. Our beloved aunts and uncles and friends are all gone, now, but I think New Church is still there, used as a community building.

The old settlers first called the community "The Lord's Vineyard" and I truly believe it was an appropriate name.

No Lady SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE OF OUR GASOLINE OR OIL STOVES IN THE SUMMER. THEY SAVE TIME AND DO NOT HEAT THE KITCHEN.

The Arkansas Newspaper Project and

THE LEGACY OF ELIAS MOORE

by Kim A. Scott

> *We have felt it our duty to drop the pen and the composing stick and to leave home, friends and all that is near and dear to us, and shoulder our rifle and march forward to defend our common country against an invading enemy.*

With these bold words of patriotic resolve, twenty-one-year-old Elias Bryan Moore bid farwell to Fayetteville and the readers of his newspaper, the *Democrat*. Elias, along with his brother James, joined with dozens of their fellow Washington County residents enlisting in the Arkansas state troops at the end of May, 1861. Enthusiastic, determined, and pitifully naive, Elias and his comrades would not have to wait long before learning the true meaning of war. A few short weeks after publishing his pugilistic adieu, the Fayetteville printer found himself on the bloody field at Wilson's Creek, Missouri, where a Yankee minie ball crashed through his right thigh. The crippling wound that sent Elias hobbling back to Fayetteville did not prevent him from again serving the Confederacy under arms, but he never fully recovered from it. Thirty-six years later, after a long career as a publisher, politician, and prison warden, Elias Moore finally succumbed to complications resulting from his red badge of courage.

Moore's story has meaning beyond that of the stupidity of warfare or the inadequate medical technology of the late 19th century. As a newspaper publisher, Elias chronicled not only his own tragedies, but also the collective diary of his place and time. His newspapers are a snapshot of the past, a frozen moment in time that allows the contemporary researcher to catch a glimpse of our rich heritage. By a strange twist of fate, Elias's life work has been bound together by the bullet that crippled him in 1861. Only one copy each of his first and his last newspapers have survived, and both issues concerned themselves with the conflict that changed Moore's life and the world in which he lived.

Elias Moore would probably be pleased with the efforts of the Arkansas Newspaper Project to preserve and catalog the newspapers he and his colleagues produced. As a part of the U.S. Newspaper Program, an on-going nationwide effort funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities to preserve America's published past, the Arkansas Newspaper Project has been working steadily toward the goal of locating and micro-filming those extant Arkansas newspapers which are currently absent from the library holdings of the state. The micro-filmed newspapers will then be catalogued with the OCLC data base to facilitate research access. To date, the Project has identified approximately 1100 Arkansas titles out of a total of some 2,500 that have appeared since 1819, the date of the state's first newspaper, the *Arkansas Gazette*. Among those newspapers located during the Project's initial phase are the two which have proven to be Elias Moore's debut and finale.

In 1960, the Washington County Historical Society announced it had located the May 30, 1861 issue of the *Democrat*. The crumbling copy of the newspaper eventually ended up in the Society's "Headquarters House" where it was mounted between two panes of glass, framed, and hung on the wall. It remained there for the next twenty-six years, and apparently no one ever gave any thought to microfilming or cataloging it. Now, thanks to the Arkansas Newspaper Project, this situation will be rectified and at least a sample of Moore's first publishing effort can be preserved.

In the fall of 1896, a sickly and feeble Elias Moore returned to Fayetteville after more than a decade's residence in Little Rock. His wound would not heal or allow him comfort during his declining years, and he hoped that a change in climate would restore his health. With his brother Dillard, Elias established the *Mountain City Gazette*, a new weekly newspaper to compete with the half dozen or so already struggling for existence in Fayetteville. The newspaper trade had changed in the years following Wilson's Creek, and Elias knew he would be able to purchase "ready print" stock from a newspaper syndicate, allowing him to be spared the labor of setting type for the inside pages of his publication. With Dillard's help, Elias rightfully figured he would be able to hand-set enough copy every week for the first and last page of the *Gazette* without going to the expense of hiring additional labor or puchasing a Linotype machine.

Perhaps it was the nagging pain in his thigh that turned Elias's thoughts to the "recent unpleasantness" of the 1860's, and when Fayetteville banker Samuel Pinckney Pittman offered to write an essay about his own experiences during the battle of Prairie Grove, the editor readily agreed to publish it on the front page of the December 5, 1896 issue of the *Gazette*.

Pittman's article described no heroic charges or thrilling adventures on a smoke-laden field of honor, but rather the pathetic suffering of the participants of the Prairie Grove fight on the night following the battle. Pittman's moving prose and eloquent sense of pathos struck a nerve in a subscriber of the *Mountain City Gazette*, Reverend Fontaine Richard Earle of Cane Hill. Earle, who was also present at the battle of Prairie Grove, carefully tore off the front page of the *Gazette* and placed it with his collection of newspaper clippings on a variety of subjects. It was not until January, 1987, that the *Mountain City Gazette again surfaced when Earle's papers were processed by the Special Collections Department of the University of Arkansas Libraries.*

Elias Moore never got the chance to pursue the leisurely editorial retirement he planned for himself in Fayetteville. The Gazette lasted only a few months before the festering wound carried off the old editor on May 20, 1897. The partial edition of his newspaper featuring Pittman's article proved to be a fitting epitaph to Moore's career, and, thanks to the Arkansas Newspaper Project, it will be preserved for all time.

EPILOGUE

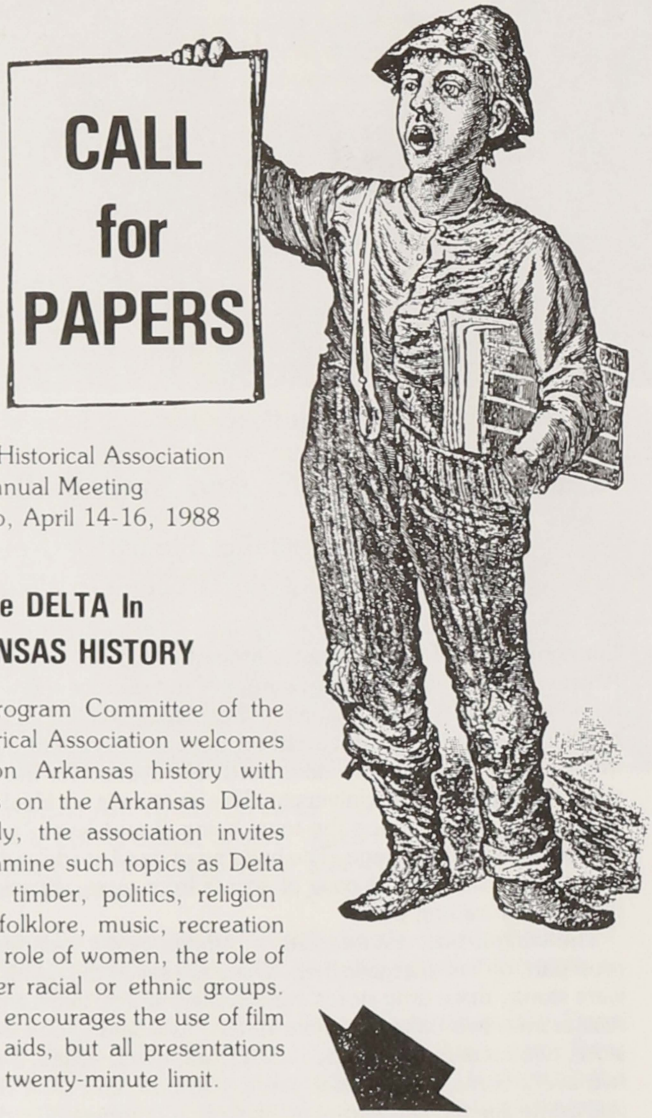
The Arkansas Newspaper Project would like to hear from you! If you have any old newspapers in your home or office that you would consider loaning

to the Project so they can be microfilmed, please contact Michael J. Dabrishus, Special Collections Department, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Arkansas, 72701, telephone (501) 575-5577. The following is a partial list of Washington County newspapers that are known to have existed in the past but are not to be found in any library in Arkansas. If you have any copies of these papers, or know where they might be located, please give us a call.

Cane Hill	**Bugle** 1885-?
Fayetteville	**Arkansas American** Jan. 1, 1911-?
Fayetteville	**Fayetteville Arkansas** 1866?-?
Fayetteville	**Fayetteville Blade** 1880-?
Fayetteville	**Fayetteville Commoner** 1905?-?
Fayetteville	**Fayetteville Evening Call** 1885-?
Fayetteville	**Fayetteville Radical** 1867?-?
Fayetteville	**Fayetteville Times** 1868-?
Fayetteville	**Western Pioneer** May 8, 1852-?
Lincoln	**Lincoln Banner** 1900?-?
Lincoln	**Lincoln Herald** 19??-?
Lincoln	**Lincoln Sun** 1918-?
Lincon	**Rising Sun** 1887-1889?
Prairie Grove	**Prairie Grove News** 1885?-?
Prairie Grove	**Prairie Grove Record** 1896-1903
Springdale	**Springdale Enterprise** 1882-1883?
Springdale	**Springdale Journal** 1883?
Springdale	**Springdale Locomotive** 1886-April, 1887?
Springdale	**Springdale Yellow Jacket** 1883-?

We regret to report that Dr. Dorothy Johnston, author of "History of Rhea Community" died in a car mishap near her home in Lincoln before the appearance of her article in the August FLASHBACK. The book will still be sold as promised by October 1987 for $23.50. Send the money to her sister, Patricia J. Read at the published address: Johnston Publishing Co., Route 2, Box 79A, Lincoln, AR 72744.

David M. Greer, the author of FLASHBACK's series "There and Back Again" has recently published a collection of memories entitled "Recollections from the Lives of An Arkansas Traveler". A few of the FLASHBACK vignettes are included in his new book. If you have chuckled over them, your editor is positive you'll enjoy "An Arkansas Traveler". Order it through Washington County Historical Society for just $10.00 plus 75¢ postage and handling. A merry, merry Christmas gift.



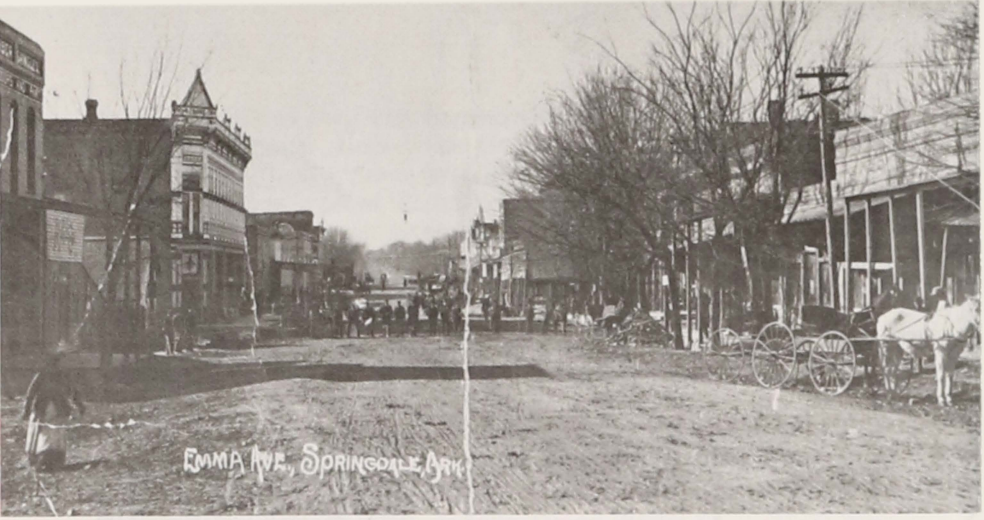
Arkansas Historical Association
Annual Meeting
Jonesboro, April 14-16, 1988

The DELTA In ARKANSAS HISTORY

The 1988 Program Committee of the Arkansas Historical Association welcomes presentations on Arkansas history with particular focus on the Arkansas Delta. More specifically, the association invites speakers to examine such topics as Delta agriculture and timber, politics, religion transportation, folklore, music, recreation and leisure, the role of women, the role of blacks and other racial or ethnic groups. The association encourages the use of film or audio-visual aids, but all presentations are subject to a twenty-minute limit.

Interested persons should send a one-page description of their papers by November 15, 1987, to this address:

Donald Holley, Social & Behavioral Sciences Dept.
University of Arkansas at Monticello
Monticello, AR. 71655 - 501-460-1047



This view of Emma Avenue is from a postcard; taken about 1905.

1905 SPRINGDALE And Surrounding Country

(From microfilm at Springdale News, submitted by Mrs. Bobby G. Wilson)

Springdale, The Pearl of The Southwest, is located in Washington County, Arkansas, in the northwestern corner of the state, in the very center of what is known as the "Ozark fruit belt". The town is situated on the Texas Division of the Frisco System, about midway between Springfield, MO. and Ft. Smith in our own state. It is ten miles north of Fayetteville, the county seat, and the home of the State University. The location is an ideal one, the country immediately surrounding the town being almost level - just rolling enough to form a natural drainage. The building of good roads and streets is an easy matter, and the town is easy of access from every direction, which makes this a good trading point.

The various business interests of Springdale are well represented, for the most part, by live energetic men. There are seven dry goods stores, two hardware stores, three drug stores, nine grocery stores, two furniture stores, three restaurants, two bakeries, three hotels, two banks, one exclusive millinery store, two meat markets, one racket store, two jewelers, three barber shops, two livery barns, two lumber yards, two boot and shoe repair shops, four real estate agents, two attorneys, two photographers, two dentists, six physicians, etc.

The business houses are of brick, and in the residence portion of the town are to be found numerous modern residences. The streets are good and are being made better, and in parts of town are lined with beautiful shade trees, making an inviting place especially in the summer.

In manufacturing enterprises the town has a canning factory, owned and operated by home people. The building is a substantial brick and stone struc-

ture. The factory is well equipped with improved labor-saving machinery, and the building and equipment represents a cash outlay of $7,500. The plant has a capacity of 15,000 cans per day and during the operating season gives employment to about 100 people. The principle pack is tomatoes, and between $3,000 and $5,000 is paid out to the farmers every season, growers realizing from $25 to $50 per acre from their tomato crop. While the factory is running about $600 per day is paid out for help and material.

The Springdale Roller Mills is one of the best in this section and has been in operation since 1880. The plant has a capacity of 100 barrels per day, and during the busy season runs day and night. The products of the mill are shipped principally to outside points.

The only woolen mill in this section of the country is located at Springdale. Besides regular custom work, blankets, jeans, flannels, yarns, etc., are manufactured and shipped to all sections.

Woolen mill, Springdale, AR. Written on verso: "1878. Mill owned by S.N. Haxton on E. bank of Spring Creek. Shiloh Church in background on right; Ownbey house on left." Man in foreground: S.N. Haxton?
From negative loaned by Bobbie Lynch. Donor: Mrs. L.W. Searcy

In addition to the roller mill above mentioned, there is also small buhr mill.

In connection with its business, one of the lumber yards operates a planning mill. There are numerous evaporators, etc.

Springdale is an excellent point for the location of manufacturers. There is an abundance of timber right at hand, such as oak, hickory, gum, there is some walnut, and a wagon factory, or any kind of factory to work up the fruit grown here — thousands of dollars worth of which goes to waste every season — can find here an inviting field.

The town is badly in need of a cold storage and electric light plant. While the country around Springdale is almost one vast apple orchard, there are no facilities here for storing apples, and they either have to be sold as soon as the picking time comes or else be shipped to other points for storage. A cold storage in Springdale, it is confidently believed, would have all the business it could care for right from the start.

The town has a population of about 2,500 and The News believes that the people would give substantial encouragement in the way of subscribing for electric lights. Should these lines be read by anyone who is at all interested, it is hoped that they will at least come and investigate the field. (This dream became a reality on April 1, 1908).

Some months ago the town was laid off into an improvement district, for the purpose of constructing a system of water works, and work is expected to begin soon on the plant. The town owns the property on which is situated a large spring of the finest water in the world and here it is designed to locate the waterworks plant.

Springdale sends out invitations to capitalists, merchants, and retired business men everywhere, and solicits their attention. The residents of our town will always be found sociable and ever ready to entertain strangers coming into our midst with good intentions. They are anxious to see their town swell in wealth and population, and offer every inducement to facilitate such a movement. Come, and be a factor of our magnificent future.

BASIS OF THE TOWN'S PROSPERITY

A good town cannot be built on wind, but must have the solid elements that support business and invite the investment of capital in its make-up in order to be a successful trade center. In this respect Springdale is fortunate.

SPRINGDALE CANNING FACTORY C. 1905-07; Building is still standing in 1987, on Huntsville St., across street from Welch Grape Juice Co. At time of photo building was used by W.G. Thompson when shipping mining props for Santa Fe R.R. Man at right marked "Dad" is Benjamin Franklin Smith (1882-1970), son of Joseph Beaty Smith & Matilda Trammel Smith
Original in Harvey Smith collection purchase, Shiloh Museum

What progress the town has made has been along legitimate lines, and the commercial growth is based upon the principles of supply and demand. The prosperity that Springdale has enjoyed has not been, in any respect, the result of false booming. Being in the center of a broad and fertile country whose products are so diversified that there is scarely any time during the year that the farmers do not have something to bring to market which they can readily dispose of for cash, the town has a substantial reason for its existance.

While grain, vegetables and almost every product known to the temperate zone grow well here, it is as a fruit country that we excel all others and distance all competitors. This section was evidently designed by nature for the production of fruits, and this is the home of the "big red apple". While some sections may possibley produce larger apples, no section has yet been found that can produce more perfect or more finely flavored fruit. The soil and climate are apparently especially adapted to the culture of the apple. At a conservative estimate there are within a radius of Springdale, more than 2,000 acres in apple orchards, and the number of acres in orchard, the fruit from which is marketed in Springdale, will run way up into the thousands. Some seasons more than 300 (railroad) cars of apples are shipped from this place to various points throughout the country, most of them going to Texas, and apples are packed here for export to Europe.

During the busy season, from $2,000 to $5,000 per day has been paid out for apples, and it is estimated that one crop alone has brought into this community over $150,000. This money finds its way into circulation, and the merchant and mechanic — all share in the wealth that is brought into the community by the apple crop.

Lands can be bought at from $10 to $100 per acre, according to location, improvements, etc. Apple trees can be purchased from local nurseries at $40 per thousand. It requires about sixty-five trees to the acre, and they will begin bearing in from five to eight years. While waiting for the trees to arrive at bearing age the land can be put to strawberries, which will yield more than a living to the thrifty and energetic person who gives them proper attention. After the trees begin bearing, it is no uncommon occurence for the grower to realize in one season as much as $100 per acre, the proceeds from one crop amounting to more than the price of their farm. There is no surer way to win a competence and lay by a sum for a rainy day than by investing in an apple orchard. As with everything else, an apple orchard requires care and attention. Don't think for a moment that you can put out your trees and then simply sit by and watch them grow. A total failure in the apple crop is unknown here.

Of late years the people of this section have been giving some attention to peach growing, which promises to be almost as successful and remunerative as apple growing. There is one advantage the peach has that is not possessed by the apple, in that they will begin bearing within three or four years after planting. Growers here have been known to realize more than $100 per acre from one crop of peaches, sold in the orchard. The peaches grown in this section are marketed after the Georgia crop has been sold, and before the Illinois crop comes in.

All kinds of small fruits do well here, but the strawberry takes the lead. There are at least 1,000 acres of strawberries within close proximity to Springdale, and the crop is very profitable, seldom bringing the growers less than $50 per acre. The berries are handled on the co-operative plan, there being three associations of growers. By this means berries are shipped in car load lots in refrigerator cars, and go to Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, etc.

Blackberries and raspberries are also grown for outside markets, and bring in considerable money. Vegetables, such as peas, beans, & tomatoes are likewise grown for profit. Although this is a fruit country par excellence, the fact should not be forgotten that wheat, corn, oats, hay, etc., are grown in abundance and with enough to supply home consumption. Wheat will yield from 10 to 25 bushels per acre, and in some instances has been known to yield almost 50 bushels. This an exception however. Corn yields an average of 40 bushels per acre and is of a fine quality.

The numerous streams of water, extensive growth of corn, etc., make stock raising profitable. From one to ten cars of cattle and hogs are shipped from Springdale every week, bringing into the country thousands of dollars annually.

Eggs and poultry may seem a small matter to some, but in this section the thrifty farmer's wife in some instances sells enough eggs and chickens throughout the year to buy all the groceries for the entire family.

As a place of residence this section has no equal. We have no malaria, no chills and no mosquitos. Being at an altitude of 1,600 feet, we have a cool breeze throughout the entire summer, producing a temperature so low, comparatively, that sunstroke is unknown. The nights are invariably cool. The winters are mild, the mercury seldom reaching zero, and remains so but a short while. The rainfall is always sufficient to produce good crops. The water here is the finest on earth. It is as soft as rainwater and so cool that it needs no ice to make it pleasant to the taste.

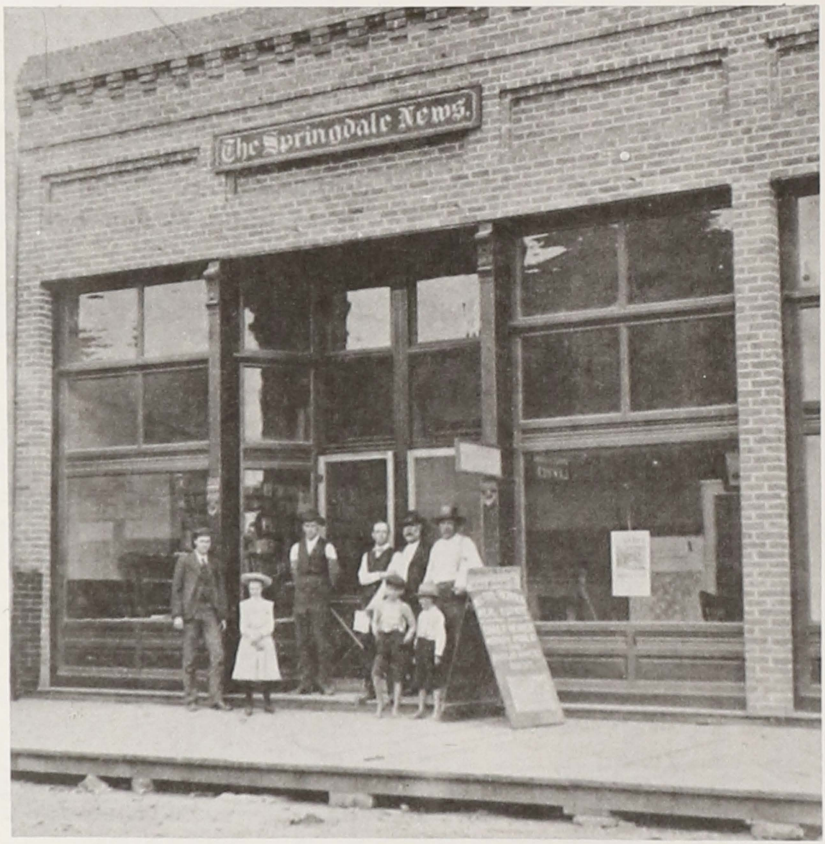
SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES

Nothing speaks better for a town than good schools and churches, and by these, towns are usually judged. In this respect Springdale does not fear comparison with any town of equal size and wealth. Our public schools are entitled to rank among the best in the state. There are two substantial two-story brick buildings, in one of which is taught the grammar school and in the other the high school, although both buildings are owned by the district and both are public schools, free to those living in the district. The high school building is beautifully located on high ground and with a campus of ten acres, furnishing the students exceptional opportunities for athletics. In connection with the schools is maintained a very fair library containing about 500 volumes, one of the recent additions to the library being the International Encyclopedia, costing $84.00.

The total enrollment is over 500, and nine teachers are employed. Springdale is what is known as a special school district, the law conferring on such districts additional powers over those possessed by the common

school districts. By reason of the high school department, students of the Springdale schools are carried three years higher than the regular public school course prescribed by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The work of this school is in perfect harmony with the course at the State University, and students graduated here are admitted to the Freshman class at the University without examination. A pupil graduating from the Springdale schools is prepared for any ordinary vocation in life, but should he desire higher education he has gained here an excellent foundation on which to build.

Another feature of Springdale life that shows the interest which our people take in educational matters is the Chautauqua, which is held here every summer. The first Chautauqua was held here in 1897. We have had here such distinguished gentlemen as General John B. Gordon and Senator J.J. Ingalls, both deceased, Hon. William Jennings Brian, Col. G.W. Bain, Rev. Sam Jones, John DeWitt Miller, Dr. A.A. Willits and many others promi-



This was the home of the Springdale News *from 1905 when it was built by John P. Stafford until 1970. Was located on south side of Emma Avenue in downtown Springdale.* Photo courtesy of Shiloh Museum

nent throughout the country. The Chautauqua is an enterprise maintained solely by the public spiritedness of the people of town, who see in it much that is good for the up-building of the community along educational lines. Heretofore the Chautauqua sessions have been held in a large tabernacle in the grove on the high school campus, but the needs for a better home for the Chautauqua became so manifest that an auditorium has been erected in which the sessions will be held. The building is 46x94 feet and is located on the city property near a fine spring. It will seat 700 people.

That Springdale people are a church going people is evidenced by the fact that we have eight churches, with as many buildings, all of which are neat and comfortable. There are no saloons in Springdale, never has been, and if the present sentiment of the people on this question continues to prevail, there never will be. Neither have we any billiard or pool halls or blind tigers. There is no room in Springdale for anything that has a tendency to degrade or lower the moral tone of the community, and such things are looked upon with disfavor by the majority of our people.

The following chruches are represented in Springdale: First Baptist, Primitive Baptist, South Methodist, First M.E., Christian Lutheran, Presbyterian and Seventh Day Adventists. All the churches have Sabbath Schools, and in connection with some there are Epworth Leagues, Y.P.S.C.E., etc., and all are thoroughly alive and wide-a-wake.

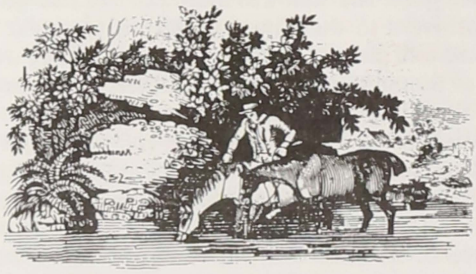
In secret societies, the following have organizations in Springdale; K. of P, I.O.O.F., Masonic, A.O.U.O.W. and G.A.R.

EYEBALL
Your Family
TREE

See what fruit it bears for FLASHBACK.
We need stories, manuscripts, photos, diaries,
and reminiscences to publish history.

Nothing is so Soothing to Our Self-esteem as to Find Our Bad Traits in Our Forebears. It Seems to Absolve us. Van Wyck Brooks

The Diary of
PHILANDER POWELL



Continued from August, 1987 FLASHBACK

August 15th At the narrowest part in the canyon today we came upon some right smart work done by the people of Utah. They had dug 3 ditches some six feet wide from mill to hill, then another higher on the hill some 300 yards long for breastworks. They were expecting a visit from the U.S. Army. They even had placements for cannons. Another stone wall was built across the gap upon the hill. Besides all this they had gathered a vast amount of loose rocks to topple on the soldiers as they passed along the road beneath. The soldiers did not pay them the promised visit at that time so the Mormons rolled off enough stones to cover the roadway and left.

We went on to the mouth of Yellow creek and turned down Weber creek and camped about two miles below the forks of the Salt Lake and Weber roads. In the night Mr. Berg woke up the Captain to tell him he had just seen a man riding among our cattle. The Captain set a guard for safety's sake and I was on the last watch. We held a conflab as to which route to take and all agreed on the Salt Lake road. We rolled on over the mountain and camped on Quaking Aspen canyon 16 mi. from Weber creek. Here Dr. Fickel told us what had scared Berg the night before. He saw a mule trotting among the cattle, hunting the other horses and scared up some of them, making a right smart commotion. We have frosty nights and one morning there was ice in the water bucket ½ in. thick.

We rolled on up the Quaking Aspen canyon this 17th of August. We crossed over the mountain on very rough road. We saw John Lewis' name cut on a quaking aspen tree. We had to keep 2 wheels of the wagons locked for a mile and 1 wheel for another mile going down the mountain. We rolled on down and camped in Little Cottonwood canyon 7 mi. from the mouth.

August 18th We had 7 mi. of rale ole Arkansas road to travel. The Little Cottonwood runs through Salt Lake City and irrigates the country thereabouts. We struck the valley 4 or 5 mi. south of the City. We turned south on the state road. We met with several Mormons and they had the appearance of being clever people. We bought vegetables of them at a reasonable price.

Butter at 25¢ per lb., potatoes @ $1.00 per bushel, flour @ $4.50 and $5.00 and all else in proportion. We camped 7 mi. from the City. The valley is thickly settled all along. We had to buy grass of the people who live here. We paid 5¢ a head for our stock.

August 19th We got a late start this morning. We had good road today. Isaac and Jackson went to the City and did not overtake us 'til we had camped. They were well pleased with what they saw. They were treated with as much respect as though they had been brothers to all they met with. We waited for some flour that was grinding at a mill nearby.

August 20th We left the Hot Springs and rolled along 4 mi. and came to the River Jordan, crossed over and stopped until evening. Several of we boys swam in the River Jordan which looks milky and tastes rather sweet. It runs out of Utah Lake and empties into the Great Salt Lake. Late in the evening, after supper, we filled our water kegs, watered our stock, started up our teams and the wagons followed after them. Some 8 mi. from there we stopped and camped 'til morning.

August 21st When we drove up the cattle I found two oxen of my team missing. After some hunting we went on with Doc and Mecane backtracking toward the river. We rolled on 12 mi. to camp Floyd. There we found a train that we had been with and had passed and been passed by them several times on the road. Six wagons of our train joined them. We arrived at Camp Floyd about 2 in the afternoon and stayed on through 2 nights and the day of the 22nd. Doc and Mecane came in without the steers the first evening. Ike and I went back for a try at finding them. Night overtook us before we reached the old campsite. We tied our horses to grass and lay down to wait 'til morning. Morning came and we went on. We found the steers within 300 yards of the old camp. We brightened up in our doleful hopes for we had no ideary of ever seeing them again. We came to the conclusion that we would rather ride the 12 mi. we had to go than to get our breakfast ourselves without water. We had only brought along one quart of water. When we got back to camp the big train had left, leaving our little train of nine wagons behind. We loafed away the day in the camp of the soldiers. Just now the force at the camp numbers about 375. There are about 7000 "dobey" camps in Camp Floyd.

I being without money and our provisions scarse I went to the Colonel and drew rations for myself and family. We were given 198 lbs. of flour, 158 lbs. bacon, 21 lbs. sugar and 10 lbs. coffee. Flour is worth 5¢, bacon @ 25¢, and coffee and sugar @ 50¢.

August 23rd We had 23 mi. to go to reach the next water. We made it by traveling on one hour into the night. We turned everything loose to shift 'til morning. This is called Rush Valley. A little branch runs down from a spring on the mountain. Five soldiers visited us. They are camped at a nearby Mail Station. They told us to guard our stock as the Indians were troublesome. They have had several brushes with them and have killed 109 Indians since early in the Spring. Indians were shooting arrows at a mail rider when a body of soldiers appeared on the scene and disappointed them—20 Indians were felled and 2 of the soldiers were nicked. That was a good come-off on the

soldiers' side.

August 24th We found our cattle in right smart mischief in a man's meadow this morning. They had torn down over a hundred hay cocks. Only part of the land was fenced so the man was not overwrought. He asked us to mind them while we stayed, if we could. Mr. Russell had a sick steer—there came a man along and bought him for $5 and him well nigh dying! We rested here 'til about sunset. We filled our water kegs, geared up our teams and rolled out to make the 35 mi. drive ahead (before we come to the next water). We crossed a mountain and camped near the foot of it on the other side. This night traveling would aggravate the best natured person on earth, I reckon. We riz early to finish off those long miles. We covered about ten miles yesterday. We had good road for a while but by afternoon the road became very rough. It was one hour into the night when we got to water. We turned everything loose and went to bed and risked all in the hands of Kind Providence until the return of morning, which came on the 26th day of August. We plan to remain here until evening to prepare for another 35 mi. stretch of desert road. We gathered up our stock and counted them and found all accounted for. By the time we were ready to—teams yoked up and all—it was dark so the Captain said it would not be much trouble to turn them loose again and lay over for another evening start. We done that and it was Henry's and my night to guard the cattle. They were in such a confusion and uproar all night, it was dangerous to be safe anywhere, in the tents or in the wagons, and so the ones who were not on guard got little sleep, either. We dread this desert crossing and for that reason feel quite religious. We traveled all this night with the exception of about 2 hours before day. The moon went down and the rain was falling on us. We were about 20 mi. farther on our way than when we started out the night before.

August 28th We pitched out down the road about 2 mi. before stopping to get our breakfast. We then rolled up a hill which was a half-mile to the top and that very steep. On top there was hardly room for one wagon to stand without running one way or the other. On the other side we struck a valley. We traveled along it 'til evening and reached water and camped. The only wood was greasewood and it was small and scattering. Water is salty but the grass is good.

August 29th We stayed on here until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, then left for the next stand which was 20 miles off. We rolled on about 4 mi. and stopped by a spring, got our suppers, grassed our teams, then pushed on. The road is level and very good. We rolled on 'til midnight and stopped 'til morning. The Pony Express travels this route from Saint Joe in Mo. to Californey. Owning to water and grass the stations are 20 to 30 mi. apart and the the trip is made in 4 days by the Pony Express. This is the Simpson route. It runs south from Salt Lake City to Camp Floyd, then southwest and strikes into Carson Valley. We cross over mts. and go down the valleys. The hills and mts. are high, bald and broken looking. We are told the Indians are bad along here.

August 30th We pushed on from our midnight camp to the next station which we reached by noon with the exception of the Feckels. Mrs. Feckel

took sick and they stopped 2 mi. back. In about 3 hours they came up. The Feckels have a fine baby boy. Mr Lane killed a beef this evening. It was a small one and he sold 3 quarters of it to others in the train. I bought 28 lbs. @ 10¢ per lb. (In Ark. I could have bought it at 3¢). In the late evening we left this place, for others to camp on until we come around again. Going on about 8 mi. we camped by a spring. We are told our next day's journey leads through a canyon that is dangerous on account of Indians and waylayers.

August 31st We riz early and got off to an early start and made the 23 mi. through to Deep Creek Station, without seeing a single Indian. A little (later in the) afternoon we had a shower—the only objection to which—it was a very cold rain. The moon was shining bright when we stopped for the night. We coraled our wagons and turned out our teams. The next thing was to stretch the tent and get wood to cook our supper. There was just no wood to be found, hard as I looked. At the Station they had wood for sale, and that cost money and money and me had made our peace, never to pester each other again on this trip. I turned angry all over to think I had let myself be drug in to a place where I was at a disadvantage. So me and my family had to go to bed supperless, while those about us had bought wood and had sparkling fires to cook and warm by. It made me feel like I was a long way from home and nary money, or like a sheep at a shooting match.

September 1st Well, I got up this morning at sun-up, day or no day. After searching off a half-mile I found enough dead weeds and little sage brush to cook us a meal or 2 and keep us from starving. We rested here 'til afternoon, then moved on for 5 mi. up the valley and camped again. We have plenty of water and grass here but a poor supply of wood. We are resting our wearied selves and our teams. We keep hearing that the Indians are bad. We see very few of them but do see right smart sign of them in places.

September 2nd We are still here at our half-way camping point. We had planned to leave here about 2 o'clock in the afternoon but on account of Mrs. Lane being sick we delayed our start. Mrs. Lane increased her stock of children this evening with another fine son.

Mr. Russell had a cow to get drowned in a hole of water near camp. This Deep Creek valley is a strange place. This Deep Creek is about 4 ft. wide and 6 to 8 feet deep and runs very rapid, all along beside the stream are springs and round holes of various sizes. Some of the bigger ones, the bottom has simply fell out of and the weight of a cow will shake the ground for 20 feet or so around. It is scary and dangerous, too. Several cattle had to be dragged out of the holes besides the one that drowned. Some of the boys were out driving up the cattle and one Mr. Sayer, running along through the grass fell into a hole up to his neck. I reckon he thought of his home and his granny.

September 3rd We are still here, knocking around to see what we can see and watching our stock. We'll sport around 'till about 2 o'clock then we expect to roll on. It is a 40 mile stretch to the next grass. At sunset we stopped and got supper and went on. We had good road all but the dust. It was like a heavy fog all of the time and a cold wind blowing. We called a halt at

daybreak to get our breakfast at a spring. This is at the mouth of Antelope Creek. We have been told this is a dangerous place to pass and to watch it close.

September 4th We pitched up the above mentioned Canyon with our eyes skinned to the whites and our guns on shoulders. We rolled along safely and greatly surprised, for we did not hear, see or smell an Indian. We made Spring Valley about 2 mi. in the afternoon—good grass and water and plenty of sage close by.

September 5th We now leave Spring Valley. Rolled on 10 mi. to another valley. We had a right smart mountain to cross. We had plenty of dust today but made it to Step Foot Station by one or two o'clock. No grass so we drove our stock out on the mountain and found a little bunch grass and cedar brush. There has been some fighting here with the soldiers and Indians, and has been some Indians killed.

September 6th We hitched our teams to the wagons, to drive about 7 mi. to grass and to get breakfast. When we got to grass we forgot to stop and we drove on pass it. We stop for breakfast where there were neither wood, water, grass nor land, about 10 in the forenoon. About one mile from there we entered a canyon. The road was very rough. By traveling about five miles through we came to a Mail Station where there is a train of soldiers. A few days ago they had a fight here and killed 17 Indians. The name of the station is Egan. We had good water here but little grass. The cattle were very restless and bad to herd. I was on guard in the after part of the night. The night was very cool—cool enough to freeze ice over the water bucket. Well, I sweat big while on guard, running after the cattle. Our road has been generally very crooked, and round aboutway ever since we left Camp Floyd and some hard drives to make.

September 7th We leave Egan this morning after a 20 miles drive to the next station. We had a moderate hard days ride, on account of it being hilly and rough, and canyons to go up and mountains to go down. We made Butte station about sunset. We found bad camping, poor grass and water very scarce. We had to guard our cattle off in the hills and hollows where the rock was knee deep all over the ground, to get what grass they did get.

September 8th Well, there is 22 miles for us to drive today. We rolled on over the hills and hollows, gravel and rocks. At about 1 p.m. we stopped at a mountain spring and got our dinners and turned out our cattle to graze. We rested an hour then rolled on, having ten miles more to go. We stopped down the canyon and wooded, there there being no wood at the next camping point which we reached about one hour in the night. Turned everything out to grass. We will rest here for 2 days. This camping was in Ruby Valley

near Ruby Station. We rested here at Ruby the 9th, 10th and until late in the afternoon the 11th. We moved on about 5 miles and made a dry camp. While we were at Ruby we had many visitors such as we had never seen before. They were the Shoshone Indians. Some were naked and some were half-naked. We will be thankful to push on and leave them behind. We have 25 miles to cover to our next camping point.

September 12th After leaving our dry camp we came shortly upon a wood-road, leading off to our left. Well, our Captain being used to hauling wood decided this was the right road. Almost the least child knew this wasn't the road to Californey but no one could convince Lane. After a mile of the rockiest road I ever saw we could go no farther so with right smart trouble we got back on the right road. Another train that we were hoping to beat to Calif. passed us while we were off the road. We caught up with them and we camped together.

September 13th While they were hunting for three missing horses we got the start of the other train this morning. We rolled on for 18 mi. and camped by a little spring. Five Indians camped with us. They had killed a badger and that and what little bread was given them made their supper.

September 14th We made fast to our wagons and left those Indians there—picking up crumbs. Within 15 miles we camped again. Those same Indians came on and camped with us again. I played the fiddle for them to dance and of all the dancing you ever saw or could imagine!

September 15th We left our dry camp early. We have 18 miles to go to the next water. We rolled on until noon when news came that Mr. to calve—not Mr. Russell but his cow. We drove on to Dry Creek Station immediately after the calf arrived. We went on by the Station another mile to find grass for our stock.

September 16th We found some of the cattle missing that the last guard had let slip out. Lane was one of the early morning guards and he commonly does his guarding in bed. We got a late start and the road was very rough. By traveling on into the night we made 17 miles.

September 17th We only made 10 mi. today. We drove through a canyon and on passed Simpson Station about 5 miles and camped by a spring on the top of a mountain.

September 18th Made fast to our wagons and started on to Californey like a snake. Traveled 16 miles. We passed a Station called Savere about 5 mi. back.

September 19th Started now for Calif. like a murphy. Moved along for 20 mi. by going on 1½ hours into the night. Almost no grass at our camping point.

September 20th We had been told at the Station that it was 12 mi. to grass and water. We rolled on 'til dark and because our Captain wished to do so we back tracked 4 miles and camped on the road we had just traveled over. We call this the Arkansas cut-off. His wife and all the balance of the train think our Captain is in a sad state of confusion. He mopes around like he'd been down to Memphis so we'll have to forgive him. (The pretty lass he brought along to help his wife we have decided is the reason for his moods.)

Not changing the subject whatsoever, we believe Lane's reason for backtracking was the rough and rugged condition of the road we've been traveling over. Being it was so late when we got ready for to go to bed, we all lay down, letting our stock and the Indians run at large together.

September 21st Up at sun-up, day or no day! Holcomb, Philander and Henry went out after breakfast to hunt for better grass to drive our cattle to, as we expect to lay by her today. We found an Indian watching our stock and slipped up on him. He grabbed for his knife and we could see fight in him, although he was scared very much. We told him to "go"—and he went. Our Captain surprised us very much today by going out to help with the cattle. I thoroughly believe he got 100 yards away from camp. The boy and myself got the stock together after Lane disappeared. It is now getting late and the cooks have supper almost ready. It is my night to guard and as I have lost so much sleep lately I hardly feel like it, but there is no rest for the wicked.

September 22nd We usually start out about 9 o'clock, but today we were off at sun-up and rolled on 12 miles and stopped at Cold Spring Station to noon. To the middle of the afternoon our road was rough going. After getting on smooth road, we traveled 7 mi. more before stopping for the night. Mr. Isaac Russell and Mr. Mecane had some little hard feelings toward one another and Mr. Russell drew his pistole and talked very much like shooting but didn't.

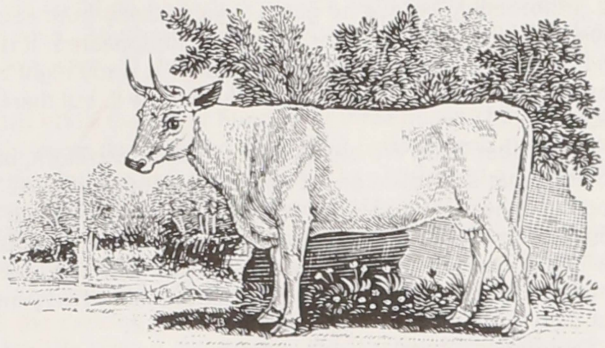
September 23rd Because our stock was badly scattered this morning we got a late start. By traveling on 'til day at Sand Spring Station. No grass nor water nor hardly land for our stock to walk on. The cattle strayed away and the boys trailed them for 3 mi. before we overtook them. The Captain, being a smart man, said the wood was scarse and the stock needed water so we would go on a few miles before we got breakfast. We got in with the stock about 9 o'clock. The Captain told the cooks they could get breakfast now. Him not having much work on his hands—only 2 wagons to make ready and his pistols to wipe out. We started on our way at 10:30 and thought we were doing well. The other helpers Lane has and myself have to drive up his steers and yoke them to his wagon and drive his team, also his loose stock. By these means we have our hands full. For about 3 mi. we traveled on an alkali desert where there was not a stick of anything growing. After crossing the desert we had a very sandy hill to pull over. It was almost five miles over it. Immediately then we came to Carson Lake or Carson Sink. We camped but it was poor camping and we had only covered about 13 more miles of our journey. We found plenty of water but no wood and the grass had forgotten to grow. Our stock made out until morning on the tule and rush which was plentiful.

September 15th We made it off to a late start. The horses and mules had strayed off. Lane also decided to rebuild his wagon. We traveled a scant ten miles. We passed a Station right by the lakeside and camped near it. We let our stock run at large. The grass was real good here. no wood to speak of, and it was difficult to get to water fit to use. The tule and rush grew so thick that our stock would not venture in to get to the water. We waded in

mud and water for nearly a ¼ of a mile to get our drinking water.

September 26th After a late breakfast we gathered up our stock to drive another day toward Californey. Starting late we drove 5 mi. and nooned. The road was uphill and very sandy so we only covered another 5 miles before supper time. We had 16 mi. to travel after supper. By the time we got to camp it was betwixt 2 and 3 in the morning. As the road during the night was good we got along very well. For that piece of a night we camped on the Carson River.

September 27th We layed by on the river today. The grass being good here our stock recruited very well.



September 28th Three miles from starting today we came to a Mail Station and 1 mile farther on we came to a new fort that is just being built. I did not learn the name of this fort. There were some soldiers there. It is on the north side of the Carson River, about 26 mi. from the sink of the river. They are putting up some right smart "doby" buildings here. They are giving good wages for labor—for a common hand $2 and $3 per day and for a carpenter $5 to $9 per day. There are some people selling goods and I believe they are making the money. Their prices are 3 or 4 times as high as in Fayetteville where we come from. Well, let's leave the fort and be on our way. We stopped to noon just past the fort, letting our cattle rest a bit. In this while I lay down and had a short nap. When I went to hitch up again my steers had all turned darn fools so it took me a half-hour to get fastened to the wagon. We rolled on through the sand and the dust up the Carson River about 7 miles farther. We met several teams and wagons hauling plank shingles from above down to the fort. We met a wagon with an 8-yoke of oxen fastened to it on a very narrow stretch of road. We like to have locked wheels. If we had, I reckon me and my family would have gone back to Arkansas or some other saw! As luck would have it we passed in safety and rolled on to camp. I turned loose my steers and went out to gather up some firewood. I had had a grumbling tooth-ache and by the time I got my load together my teeth took a "jumping-jiminy fit." I got down and rolled on the ground, helping it all I could. It easing a bit after a while, I got my wood and made for camp.

September 29th We remained here this day to let our stock rest and fill

up for they had begun to need something very badly, and I don't believe it is whiskey they need. Some of them stagger now and I'm afraid if they had a dram or 2 they would be down entirely. Then we would likely try it ourselves. We would hate that for we are quite temperate in that respect. We have been since leaving Arkansas. The reason being we could not get it when we wanted it or when we found a place where it was to be had—the price didn't suit us! Four gentlemen from Californey came to visit us in our camp this evening and them and some of the boys played the fiddle and danced—just like they felt their whiskey!

September 30th We traveled 12 miles today right up the Carson River. The road is very dusty and we have seen a large number of dead oxen that are said to have been killed by the dust. I have all grounds to believe that this is true! The dust has almost killed me and the balance of the folks have the same complaint. We just complain but don't die! We are now camped with our stock across the river from us. Some of the families are eating supper and Isaac is sawing on the fiddle.

October 1st We passed a little town called Chineytown in our travels today. In and around this town there is a right smart bit of mining going on. We rolled on up the Carson River to see something new, which we see every day we travel. We had some heavy road to put over, of rock and sand. It jarred me—I being on the puny list, having not eaten anything for a couple of days. We met a trading wagon and I bought a mess of potatoes, for which I paid 8¢ per lb. We camped on the river 3 mi. from Carson City. I had my potatoes cooked and ate a hearty supper and felt much better.

October 2nd Our stock having poor grass were badly scattered this morning. When we gathered them together one was missing. We got three quarts of whisky and the men got about "how-come-you-so." We did not feel we were any the loser. All is well with us. We passed through Carson City and some of the boys were so tight they did not recollect seeing the town. They were not to blame, for it was raining and all of us were well nigh frozen. It was 2 or 3 hours into the night before we reached camp. That night we had to pay pasturage for our cattle which cost the train $6.00.

October 3rd It being very cold we got started off late. We came to the little town of Genoah in about 8 miles. It is a pretty little place. One sawmill there and some five stores. I think there was two groceries in every house, and 2 blacksmith shops and a train of 75 pack mules. They had the prettiest corral made of their saddles and loads as I ever saw in my life. About 6 mi. farther on we camped. It being very cold we turned out our stock and built our fires as quickly as possible. The wind is blowing hard and the snow is falling on the mountains.

October 4th When we got up this morning the snow was an inch deep all around us. The news came to us that the snow is 10 to 12 inches deep on the mountain and still coming down. We remained here this day. Our stock fared but middling as there is hardly any grass here. We are afraid to venture any nearer the mts. It is cold enough here and it looks colder up there. It is 12 miles to where we take the mountain. The grass is covered up and for that reason we are compelled to remain here and wait it out. It

is troubling some of us very much and others do not appear to mind at all.

October 5th The badness of the weather is still keeping us here. It is cloudy but not so cold as it has been for some days back. If the weather looks as promising tomorrow as it does today we expect to start on. Other wagons are passing all the time. We can make it over in two days if we have no bad luck. We are hoping for the best.

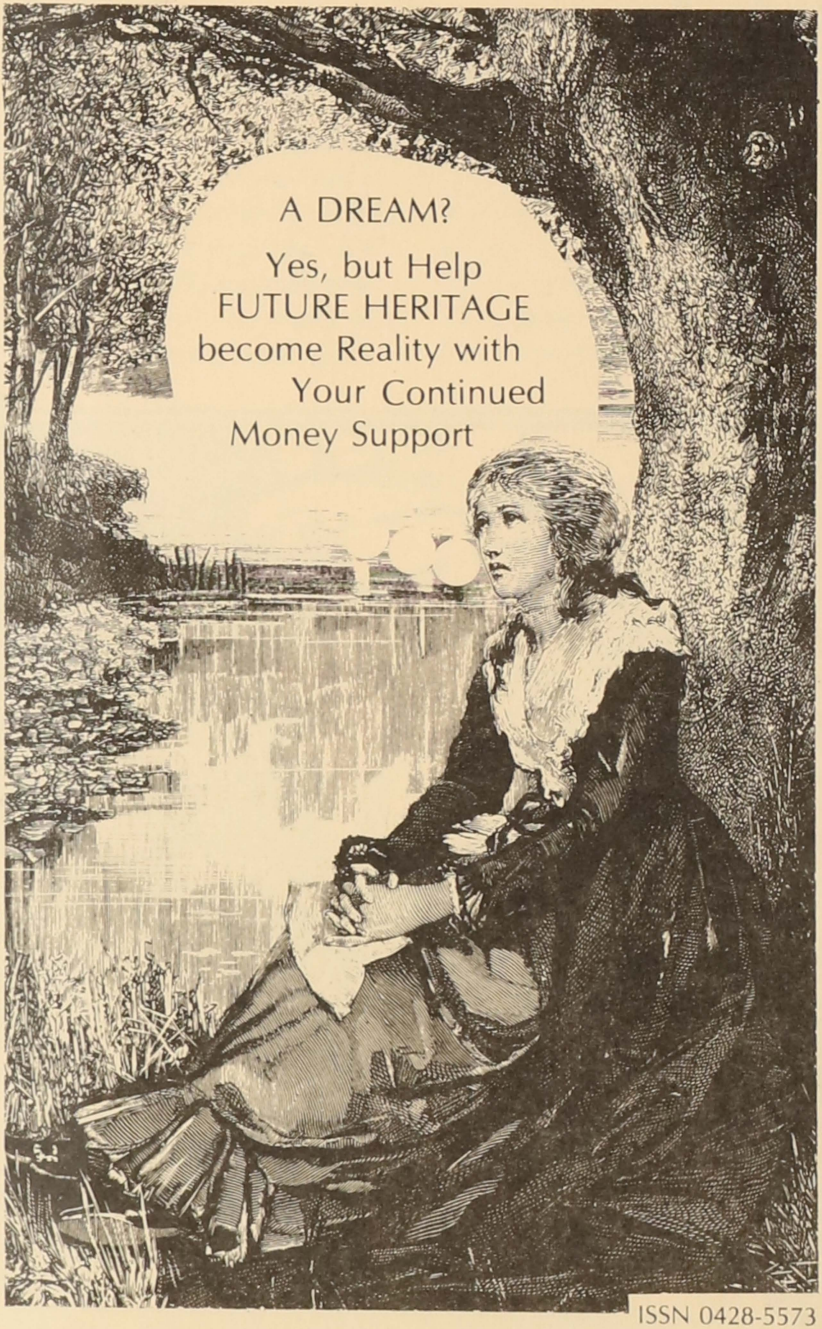
October 6th We are still laying by, waiting for the snow to melt off. We are located some six miles from Genoah and 12 mi. from the foot of the mountain that we must climb over. This a right pretty valley but is nearly all fenced up, so grass for our stock is very scarse. Four oxen have died in the drove in the last week. We buy a few potatoes as we can stand it, by paying 5¢ per lb. Ike and Joe have had a shooting-match up for two days, at 25¢ a shot—10 steps with a six-shooter. Ike quit $2.00 winner. Mr. Russell has taken a job of hauling plank 40 miles at $4.00 per hundred.

October 7th Well, we are still here waiting for the approach of a warm spell of weather. The prospect of this is increasing a little each day. We had aimed to have started today buy Mr. Fickel was a steer out of pocket. We held on to find him which took most of the day. Several of the boys, Henry and Holcomb among them, rolled out after dinner today. Henry left in a bad humor on account of Mr. Lane not paying him some money he owed him. Before we left Arkansas Henry made some ox-yokes for Lane. Lane denied his making them. He might as well a-stole that amount of money for it was as just a debt as ever was. If that was all the mean tricks Lane was guilty of, we would excuse him but it isn't by one thousand. We will say no more about our captain.

October 8th We got started this morning after a late breakfast, finding the road very good for the first 12 miles. That was as far as the valley lasted. We then entered a canyon, it getting almost dark and we having 7 miles to go before we reached our camping point. I reckon these 7 miles in the canyon were the roughest miles of road I ever saw in my life. We finally reached the expected camping place. This is called Hope Valley.

October 9th We now make another start toward Californey and by traveling 14 or 15 miles through the pines and rocks and snow and big hills we found another camping spot where the snow has melted enough that our stock can find a little grass—very little, though.

October 10th We drove up our cattle this morning. They had wandered off 4 ways in the night. The snow being knee-deep with a crust on top that would bear a man's weight. It made things look very serious and feel disagreeable to man and beast. After a late start we rolled on to the next mountain. We passed the first summit of the Sierra Nevada yesterday. Within 4 miles of the camp we left this morning we reached the mountain. We found the hill very steep and slick. As the snow had been melting the day before and froze during the night it left the road on the north side covered with ice which made it hard for the oxen to pull the wagons up. With many a "wo-haw" and "get-up-there" and "get-out-of-there" we made it to the top where we found a warm sun shining and the melted snow rattling down the wagon-tracks on the south side of the mountain. THE END



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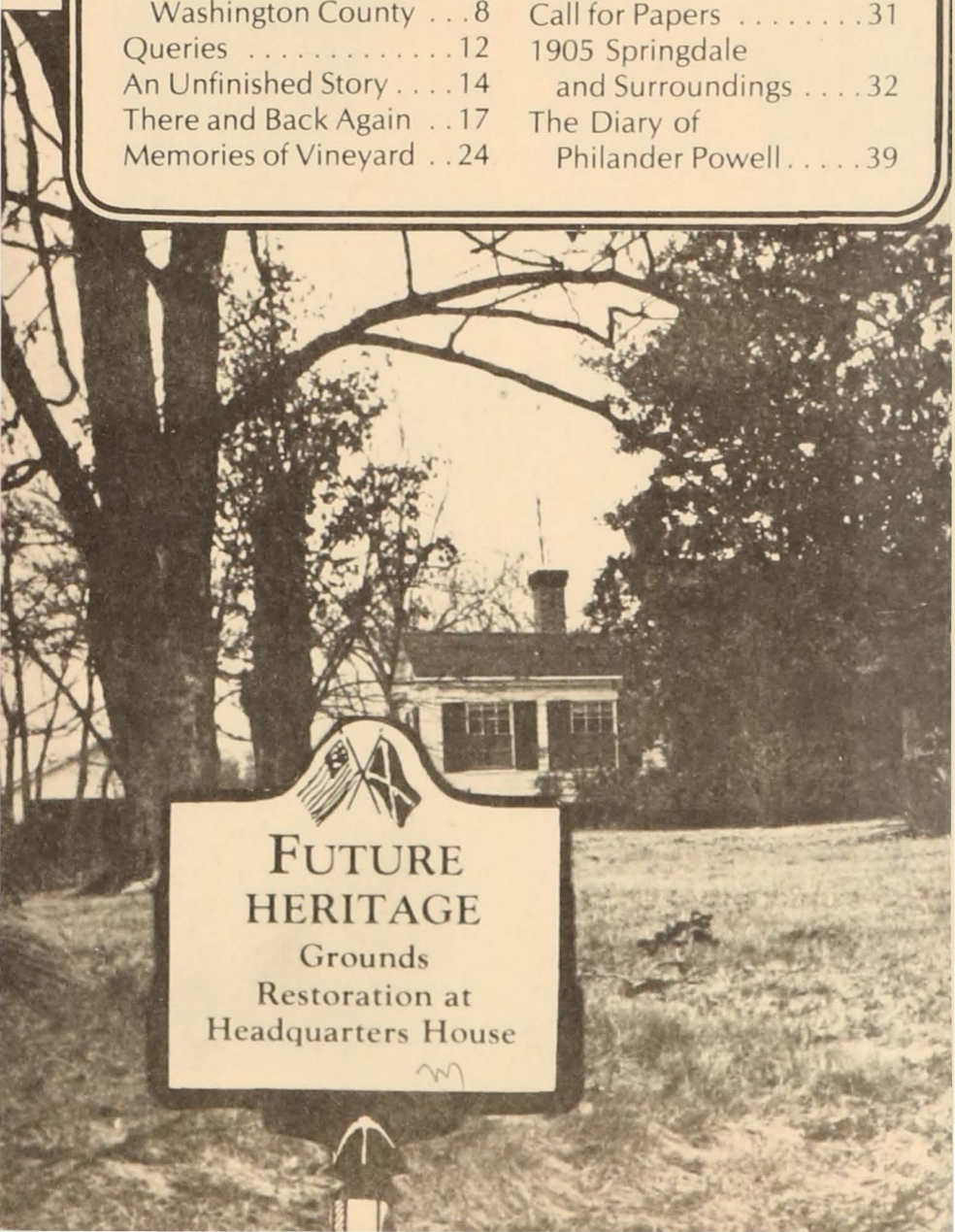
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